

JUNE

# BUSY MAN'S

## MAGAZINE

### Outing Number

Health Value of a Summer  
Vacation

A Day with Canada's  
Premier

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# The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XVIII

TORONTO JUNE 1909

No 2

## A Day With Canada's Premier

By G. B. VAN BLARICOM

THE easiest public man in Canada to see and the most difficult to interview. This is the opinion of visitors to the Capital of the Dominion. If their mission is a legitimate one they do not have to go through any formalities or red tape procedure to obtain an audience with the Premier, but the foreign, or even local newspaper, correspondent, who thinks that he will find bright, readable copy by inducing him to talk on some national or fiscal question, will come away disappointed. The Canadian First Minister never grants an interview. He has a decided aversion to being quoted promiscuously in the public prints. Not that he is diffident in the matter of proclaiming his views or declaring his attitude, but he has his own way of doing it. The medium that he invariably selects is the House of Commons or the public platform, yet no one is more considerate or courteous to press representatives than the commander-in-chief of the Liberal forces.

If Sir Wilfrid Laurier retired from politics to-morrow he would probably devote the remainder of his days to serving as a member of the Ottawa Improvement Commission,

in the work of which he takes a lively interest, and in writing a history of Canada or of the Liberal party.

Although occupying the highest position in the gift of the Canadian people, bearing all the responsibilities of office and burdens of state, Sir Wilfrid manages to crowd more work into a day than even his most intimate friends imagine. Yet the Prime Minister is never in a rush or unduly demonstrative. The only time that he evidences unseemly haste is, when, nearing the corner of Elgin and Sparks Streets, in the Capital, and observing the approach of a Bank Street car, which passes his home on Laurier Avenue East, he has been known to break into a sprint to board the vanishing trolley. The chief of the Liberal party is a democrat to the hilt. He loves the common people and, like Abraham Lincoln, of whom he is an ardent admirer, thinks the Lord must love them too, for He made a great many of them.

If you visit the Capital and have legitimate business with the Premier he is more get-at-able, so to speak, than any member of his cabinet.

There is no outside guard or inside tyler at his door in the East Block. You simply walk into the outer office where his private secretary is at work and, announcing your name, if "the chief," as he is familiarly known, is not engaged, you are ushered into his presence. Of course a great deal of discrimination must be, and is, exercised by his private secretary, as to who should or should not see the Premier. For instance, a total stranger to Sir Wilfrid, or his secretary, would, of necessity, have

able, as the First Minister is a busy man and the time which he can give to scores of visitors is limited. The entrance room is generally filled with politicians, members of parliament and deputations seeking him on one pretext or another. He has been known to see as many as one hundred different persons in a day which, of itself, is no light task. He accords a kindly hearing to all and, even persons whose requests are denied, often come out smiling. When asked if they secured favorable consideration, they remark, "No," we did not, but he refused in such a gracious way that we are almost as pleased as if he granted what we were after." This is where the sunny ways of Sir Wilfrid are so prominently brought into play. His tact, diplomacy and suavity are always in evidence.

How does he manage to accomplish so much in a day? What does he do from early morn until late at night? are questions often asked. The older he grows the more he undertakes and, notwithstanding constantly increasing demands on his time and attention, he rarely looks worried. Although in his sixty-eighth year, he enjoys better health and gets through more work than when first elevated to power thirteen years ago, or elected leader of the Opposition away back in 1889. Thirty-five years as a member of the House of Commons is a long period. There are few men in public life to-day when the youthful and eloquent French-Canadian advocate and newspaperman first entered legislative halls as the member of Drummond and Arthabaska in 1874.

One of the strongest characteristics possessed by the Premier is his ability to remember names and faces. When the eleventh parliament assembled in January last there were over seventy new members—one-third of the total number of the popular chamber. On the occasion

of the first division the assistant clerk naturally had some difficulty in calling the roll. So many fresh faces and so much shifting of seats resulted in more or less confusion. The only man in the House who could have correctly named all

pass through such a company of some 15 local supporters went to the station to shake hands with him. The distinguished visitor was introduced to them and, after ten minutes' conversation, just as the train was about to start, he said good-



WILFRID LAURIER

As he appeared in 1874 on first entering Parliament.

to confide to the latter the nature of his business. But for all this it is said to be easier to see the Canadian First Minister than any of his colleagues and even some of the higher officials of the administration. There is no stiffness or formality about his welcome. He extends a warm hand of greeting and you are made to feel at home. It is, of course, presumed that any caller, possessing good judgment and average thoughtfulness, will communicate the object of his mission in as few words as pos-



SIR WILFRID LAURIER

As he appears now after thirty-five years in Parliament.

the representatives and their constituencies was the head of the Government. Many years ago, when Sir Wilfrid was leader of the Opposition, he was making a campaign tour through Western Ontario. As he and his party were to

bye to them individually, calling each one correctly by name. Many similar incidents might be related. Like his predecessor, Sir John A. Macdonald, he has a genius for never forgetting friends and supporters. On the other hand, he has

not the same facility with figures. Intricate financial calculations will occasion him as many worries as Napoleon encountered in his famous retreat from Moscow amid the depths of a Russian winter. A student of history, biography and responsible government, he leaves topics of tariff and trade returns to his trusted lieutenant, Hon. W. S. Fielding, who, in the sphere of statistics, is always at home.

It matters not when Sir Wilfrid retires, whether at midnight or three in the morning, owing to a late sitting of the Legislature, he invariably rises at the same hour—eight o'clock—every morning. Of the 221 members in the House he is the most regular attendant and is constantly in his place except when the Commons is in Committee of Supply. He shaves himself and no resident of the Capital is more attentive with respect to personal appearance. At 8.30 he breakfasts, but he eats sparingly and lives the simple life day in and day out. He takes no form of exercise other than walking, of which he is fond. Indigestion is an odd enemy and scrupulous care has to be observed in the matter of diet. His morning meal usually consists of a poached egg or a baked apple, a cup of tea and plain bread. Occasionally he partakes of toast. At luncheon and dinner he is equally abstemious.

At nine o'clock his private secretary, Mr. E. J. Lemaire, who has already scanned each letter, separating the wheat from the chaff, calls at his house. Together they go through the over-night correspondence, which is very heavy, particularly during a session of Parliament. Every epistle is dealt with promptly; there is never an accumulation of unanswered mail matter. The Premier reads each letter, and as he finishes turns the sheets face down upon the table. When he has concluded perusing the last missive he picks up the pile—several inches

high—and indicates the nature of the replies. In the course of a day he has to sign many communications, yet he does so faithfully and expeditiously. He would scorn the use of a rubber stamp. Of course, there are some letters that do not get to Sir Wilfrid. Certain pro forma or routine matters, which can be attended to by a department official, would needlessly occupy his time. To enumerate a few remarkable requests that daily reach him would furnish a column of humorous reading. Many are frivolous in character, others pathetic, some impudent, a few impudent, and still others penned out of idle curiosity. There are tiny toddlers all over Canada, whose Christian names are "Wilfrid Laurier" Brown, Green, Blue, White or Black. When a birthday rolls around they write the Premier reminding him of the fact. Sometimes, in the case of old personal friends, the Liberal chieftain sends an acknowledgment or memento of the anniversary. The recipient is so delighted at a reply that the fact is probably announced in a local paper and the news spreads. Immediately nearly every child in the neighborhood, whose father is a Liberal, will write in the hope of receiving some similar token. There has to be a line drawn somewhere. The first citizen of a great country like Canada cannot spend hours answering all the letters which come to him from juveniles who happen to boast of the name of "Wilfrid." He would have no time left for affairs of state.

By half past ten the mass of correspondence is generally disposed of and the First Minister leaves his horse for his office. If the weather is fine he walks, the distance being about a mile. If the elements are unpropitious, or he is in a hurry, he summons a cab now and then he uses a street car. Arriving at the buildings, which he generally recon-



THE PREMIER'S RESIDENCE IN OTTAWA

Situated on the corner which has been named in his honor.

es by eleven o'clock, and occasionally earlier, there are always a large number of persons waiting to see him on various matters. He receives them in turn, and thus the forenoon hours are fully occupied until one o'clock and after. He then partakes of a light lunch in his office. During session a Council meeting is held every day at two o'clock, attended by all the members of the Cabinet. The sitting generally lasts until about five minutes to three and then the ministers have to make their way to the House, which opens at three o'clock. At six o'clock when the Commons rises for dinner, the Premier may see a few parliamentarians in his private apartments, which are located at the north-west corner of the new addition. There are always M.P.s, or prominent politicians desirous of consulting him, and he is always ready to grant a minute or two to as many as he pos-

sibly can, consistent with the demands made upon him in lending the Government, shaping legislation and presiding at Cabinet Councils. About fifteen minutes after six he drives to his residence for dinner. He is always back on the hill ready to resume work when the Speaker takes the chair at eight o'clock, and generally stays until the House adjourns, whether the hour is twelve o'clock or two in the morning. Even after adjournment he is accessible to members if their business is pressing. When the Premier returns home he frequently reads an hour or two before retiring. If there is no night session he spends the evening with Lady Laurier and counts a night not broken by some social obligation, dinner party or reception as pure gold. Never is he happier than when allowed to spend a few uninterrupted hours in his library. He is an industrious reader. Not



ANTEROOM TO THE PREMIER'S OFFICE

At the desk sees Sir Wilfrid's secretary, Mr. E. J. Lamont, through whom all visitors to the Premier make arrangements for an audience.

only is he a deep student of history but he reads the quarterly reviews, the leading monthlies, the daily papers, and the more serious comments and subjects of the day. He never scans anything trashy or ephemeral. He is as familiar with the deeds and achievements of the Emperor Napoleon I as any lecturer on modern history. With the greatest of English historians, Edward Gibbon, and his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" he finds mental relaxation and inspiration. He revels in Abraham Lincoln and has probably a score of biographies of the great American statesman and emancipator. Sir Wilfrid's library is not as large as that of many public men, but the volumes are comprehensive and bear evidence of frequent consultation. He supplements it by works of reference from the parliamentary library. Possessing

a retentive memory, he absorbs and assimilates what he reads. It becomes part of his mental equipment. No detail, point or feature worth remembering escapes his attention. In his daily work, it he has cause to refer to something that may have occurred months ago, he will tell his secretary to look under such and such a date and there he will find a communication dealing with the subject in hand. In a few words Sir Wilfrid will indicate the character of the correspondence. He has a wonderful grasp of all the business which he daily directs.

When Parliament is not sitting the Premier passes the day in much the same manner as he does in the midst of the most important and exacting session. He finds more opportunity, however, for reading. He comes home at mid-day for a light luncheon instead of snatching only a



THE PREMIER'S OFFICE IN THE EAST BLOCK

This is Sir Wilfrid's headquarters in Ottawa, where he transacts all business pertaining to the head of the Government.

few minutes during office hours for a repast. He spends the afternoons at his apartments in the East Block. There are frequent meetings of Council, and many matters continually cropping up require his attention. Paradoxical as it may appear, he gradually grows more conservative—not in a political sense, but in practice and precedent. He is known as the statesman who practically never takes a holiday. Now and then he manages to seize a few days of leisure and while them away at his former home in Arthursville, Que., where, amid the picturesque surroundings of that delightful retreat he escapes—temporarily at least—the daily grind and ordeal of public life, but of late years when visiting the quaint village, he has not been able to separate himself entirely from affairs of State, and has been accompanied

even on private pilgrimages by his secretary.

When at Arthursville he loves to view the distant mountains, dearly delights in driving around the country, takes many a walk in the company of a few select friends who, as his guests, share his well-earned rest, but ever and again returning to his dearest recreation, the reading of his favorite authors.

A lover of good music, Sir Wilfrid is generous in his praise of the stirring selections of the Scotch, but his favorite is Strauss' Blue Danube, a soothing, dreamy waltz. He is an admirer—one might almost say worshiper—of Italian operas by Verdi, Rossini and other brilliant composers of the land of nobility and art. Rarely does he go to the theatre to hear modern musical productions that the populace rave so much over to-day. When the



THE PREMIER'S OFFICE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

It is in this office that Sir Wilfrid attends to business during spare moments when the House is in session.

House is not in session he prefers spending his evenings at home. He often enjoys a quiet rubber or two of bridge with Lady Laurier and any friends who may be spending a few days under their hospitable roof. But his favorite spot is his library. There he will spend hours pouring over his favorite volumes, attired in a dressing gown and half-enveloped in an easy chair before a roaring grate fire—for Sir Wilfrid loves heat. A temperature of 85 or 90 degrees is not too warm for him. On his ideal home life, his constant companionship and counsel with Lady Laurier, it is not necessary to dwell beyond saying that his domestic relations are of the happiest and pleasantest character. Nothing ruffles Sir Wilfrid and he has been well termed "patience personified." He is always the embodiment of sunshine and

good humor. Should any disappointment arise he simply smiles and with unperturbable serenity remarks to his devoted wife "Never mind, it will be all right. There is no cause for worry." On Sundays—which is practically the only free day that the Premier has—Lady Laurier and he generally have a number of guests and the most charming and entertaining of the assembled company is the host himself. Members of Parliament and their wives, who remain over the week-end in Ottawa, frequently dine at his home. He knows how to pay compliments but he does so in the set, meaningless phrases. His words of appreciation are cordial and sincere and not indiscriminately given. Fond of travel and sight-seeing, when occasion permits, he considers Lake Geneva, famed for its great natural

beauty and historical associations, the loveliest resting place in Europe. While sojourning there after the Colonial Conference in London in 1907, he took many long walks with his party of tourists. On his return he would again take up his favorite books.

If in search of a holiday—not necessarily one of rest—he would prefer Rome of all the Old World capitals. The Eternal City, celebrated for its antiquities and ancient memories, appeals strongly to his studious, thoughtful nature. One great ambition of his is to again visit Geneva and Rome and there spend many weeks. Sir Wilfrid is a good traveler by land but not by sea—billion and billion he cannot breast.

The rooms of his residence contain many evidences of honors and gifts that have been showered on him and Lady Laurier by friends and admirers at home and abroad—from life-size portraits in oil to the golden snuff-box encrusted with gems presented to the Premier on the occasion of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Canada in 1901, the silver casket presented by the city of Edinburgh in 1902, and the gold caskets presented by the cities of London, Bristol and Manchester in 1907, along with the freedom of these cities, on the occasion of the Colonial Conference of that year. Numerous elaborate and handsomely engrossed addresses hang from the walls while others are carefully stored away—for their number runs into the hundreds—but the sentiments conveyed

are not forgotten. Sir Wilfrid Laurier lives the busiest of lives, crowding as much reading and business into a single day as many another man does in a week. He is an ardent worshipper of nature and art. The very temperament and dignified air of the First Minister proclaim that "A picture gallery all by himself" is the way a leading Senator recently described him.

Pomp and pretence, decoration and display do not appeal to this eminent Canadian, who is the final court of appeal for so many knotty problems. He has no use for the acrophant, the bore or the grafter. "Titles and badges," he once declared, "do not make the man. I myself would prefer to be called Wilfrid Laurier. I commenced my political career under plain Alexander Mackenzie, who began life as a stonecutter and lived and died plain Alexander Mackenzie, and one could not well better his example."

In an address before a Western Ontario audience during the campaign of 1908 he made use of these words: "My days cannot be very long now. But whether they are long or short, I shall always treasure as the most holy thing in life—if I may say so—the confidence which has been placed in me by men who are not of my own kith and kin. When my life does come to an end, if my eyes close upon a Canada more united than when I found it over twenty years ago, when I assumed the leadership of the Liberal party, I shall not have lived in vain and I will die in peace and happiness."

*Wilfrid Laurier*

The nature of the book made a Canadian essential from a sentimental, if not from a technical, standpoint.

Into this gap stepped Frederick Simpson Colburn, and the formalities of the fame which he enjoys in Canada were laid through this connection. How this was accomplished is

"Habitant" as a possible illustrator. I spent about three months down below Quebec studying types and scenery before undertaking it, and the work I brought back evidently pleased the doctor, because he gave me the manuscript, and carte blanche to go ahead. This began an association



THE HABITANT

As portrayed by F. S. Colburn.

—Engraved by courtesy of G. E. Farnham & Sons.

best told in Mr. Colburn's own words. "It was while calling on the late Mr. S. C. Stevenson, in Montreal, just prior to leaving for Europe in 1896, that he happened to mention Dr. Drummond's work, which the doctor had just then decided to publish, and he introduced me to the author of the

that has exercised an enormous influence on me and my work, not only in a personal way, but because he gave me my first real confidence in myself."

Mr. Colburn was born at Upper Melbourne, Que., March 20, 1871, and received his education chiefly at



unfortunately died before he had grasped fully the fruits of his genius.

In literature, there are many names splendidly shining, among them Barr, Drummond, Parker, Roberts, Carman and Campbell.

Have we any sculptors? The works of Hebert and Hill answer this query, to say nothing of that master of anatomy, Dr. Tait Mackenzie. They are three superlative types of Canadian artists. Hebert's and Hill's works adorn our public squares. The old noblesse of France finds expression to us, of the present day, through the work of the former. The latter has treated, in a virile way, the achievements of later day Canadians fighting for the flag in foreign countries.

Of painters, black and white men and cartoonists, such names as Matthews, Ingham, Bengough, Racey, Harris and Coburn stand out prominently. After all this, the divine Sarah must have been wrong. Her vision was dimmed, perhaps, by the glitter of her box office receipts.

Some years ago a professional man, a doctor of medicine, wrote some charming verses, concerning the humble habitants of the Province of Quebec. This volume was redolent of good will, sympathy and heart's interest. It laid bare in a delightful way the customs, habits and foibles of these people. Human nature, as only a physician can know, it was set forth in its pages.

The author was the late Dr. W. H. Drummond. Naturally he wanted an illustrator to help him in his work.

"CANADA has no artists," so said Sarah Bernhardt. It is always painful to flatly contradict a lady, but in this instance, it must be done. Canada is yet young. Her men have been busy, blazing the trails for future progress, and developing the most obvious resources of the land. This is the inevitable history of every new country, and these tasks keep its inhabitants well occupied. The fine arts are products of a time in the history of a nation, when its people can think of something else besides the necessity of building up for absolute needs. The garret-room genius is something of a myth. The best work, the work for which the world is better, is done under favorable conditions. A full stomach helps a lot. Wealth, culture and refinement may develop the aesthetic tendencies. This fact renders it impossible to compare a young country with an old country.

Despite this assertion, however, Canada has already gone far afield. In Bernhardt's own sphere, there is a galaxy of Canadian stars—Margaret Anglin, James K. Hackett, May Isom and Maud Allan. An untimely death cut off Franklin McLeary from a brilliant career. At the time of his death he was playing Cassius in Tree's Antony and Waller's Brutus in London, in an all-star cast. He





"OU N'EST-IL PUBLIQUE?"

A characteristic glimpse of Habitant life

Illustrated by courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons

St. Francis College, Richmond. His boyhood and youth were those of a normal Canadian boy. He early showed talent in an artistic direction. After leaving Richmond he came to Montreal, and commenced his art studies under the late Samuel Stevenson. His first serious work was undertaken in New York at the Carl Haecker School of Art, and from there he went to the Royal Academy of Berlin, Germany, subsequently studying in Munich and Paris. It was in the latter place that he was brought under the influence of the great Gercaise, and he also gained the honor of a scholarship there.

Like many other great and good men, he had a good mother, and it was during this sojourn in Europe that his greatest sorrow came to him in the loss of her whom he had left scarcely a year before in apparently the best of health. After graduating

in Paris, he came home, and it was then that his undertook the illustration of Dr. Drummond's first volume of poems, "The Habitant."

The succeeding year he went to London, and School of Fine Art. From London he crossed to Antwerp, and graduated from there after winning a scholarship, and first rank in the class. Subsequently he illustrated Dr. Drummond's other books, "Lehman, L. R.," "The Volunteer," "The Underworld," "The Cause," "Madame Verchères," and others. Of Edgar Allan Poe's work, Dickens' "Cockney on the Hearth" and "A Christmas Carol," Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle," "Our Last Ride Together,"

Mr. Coburn has taken up his residence in Antwerp, where he has a studio. He divides his time between illustrative work and painting. Needless to say, it is upon the latter that he hopes to build his reputation. When asked what his best illustrations were, he said, "I consider my best work was the illustrations made for the Eleanor edition of Edgar Allan Poe's works, and some of the later illustrations of Goldsmith for which I spent some time in Ireland last summer."

In speaking of some of his earlier struggles, he mentioned a disastrous four months which he spent in Montreal, vainly endeavoring to establish an artistic connection, and remarked that the memory of them made him shudder.

Every other year he leaves his studio in Antwerp, and comes home to visit his father, sister and brothers, and an aged grandmother. He can as an only son artist can enjoy, the neutral brain-

ties of the Eastern Townships, and goes back re-energized and ready for the further pursuit of his chosen profession.

At the time of publication of Dickens' "Christmas Carol," "Literature," which was then published as a supplement by the "London Times," spoke in a very eulogistic strain of his work. "In discussing the various artists who have illustrated the 'Christmas Carol,'" it said, "The pictorial quality is best of all shown by Mr. Coburn. More than that, he has read his Dickens with care, and has more than the usual literary appreciation. His drawing of the light-hearted vagrant, stooped down at Scrooge's keyhole to regale him with a Christmas carol, is worthy of the best traditions of American (Canadian) penwork. The picture of Scrooge in 'The Tank' is very real,

the figure of the skiff with his dip is a very powerful drawing. The fiddler is a very real type, and so are the illustrations other than delight the most exacting art critic. If only Mr. Coburn will lose himself entirely in his subject, he is one of the most promising of modern Dickens' illustrators. The interest that always belongs to the efforts that, from time to time, have been made to secure for a classic work of literature a fresh interpretation from an artist of individual imagination is ever present in the work we have somewhat cursorily reviewed."

"More than the usual literary appreciation." That is the secret. The fact that Dr. Drummond said to him, after the first proofs were submitted, "Fred, you and I must go together in this work," showed how much Dr.



"JE TAIME TOUJOURS"

Habitant scenes charmingly pictured by Mr. Coburn.

—Reproduced by courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Drummond appreciated his ability to interpret the requirements of the book.

Not only once, but always, does he do this. It is doubtful if any one else could have seen into the habitant's heart, and translated its throbs so faithfully as this young Canadian. Not a thing that marks them with their own individuality has escaped his notice. Of Mr. Coburn's latest works little can be said, as comparatively few of his paintings have been seen here.

There were, however, a few on exhibition in Montreal during the early winter. They all displayed his delicate interpretation and treatment of his subject. Some were marines, and some portraits. Among the latter one was particularly striking. It was the portrait of a woman standing near a

window, where the strong lights and shades of such a position were most effectively shown. To the layman, who committed the cardinal sin of approaching too closely, there appeared to be a big splash of pigment

out, in an alluring way, the sheen of the rays of light falling across the folds of her skirt, and then nothing but wonder and admiration came over one for the art and the skill of the painter. Frederick Simpson Coburn



And the voice seemed his who fell in the bottle down the dell  
and who is happy now



BRIDAL BATH

One of Mr. Coburn's illustrations of Edgar Allan Poe's works.

Reproduced by courtesy of G. P. Putnam's sons.



SO DE DEVIL KETCH HEEM  
OF COURSE AT LAS'

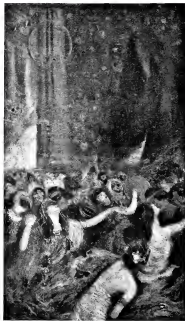
BRUND THE HUNTER

One of Mr. Coburn's illustrations for "The Yaggon."

Reproduced by courtesy of G. P. Putnam's sons.

rolled up in bundles on this woman's skirt where the sun struck fall. When too close, it looked like the spot on the wall inside a paint shop where painter mechanics try out their brushes. At an artistic distance, the seemingly meaningless stroke brought

may not be a great painter, and may never become such. One thing, however, is sure, if the ability to make cold canvases appeal, to speak, to stir something in one's heart, then he is already a great artist, and will enjoy all the emoluments of success.



THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH  
A weird conception of Edgar Allan Poe's gruesome tale.

Reproduced by courtesy of G. F. Fetzner's Sons.

To criticize the fine arts is to tread on dangerous ground. The impressionistic cult impresses perhaps by its daring, but its influence is fleeting. There are some simple pictures, simple in treatment perhaps, simple in subject, simple in coloring, that ring true, and in an unbackneyed way maybe, tell an old story. It is more than a conjecture that, whatever fame the artist Coburn achieves in the future, he will be remembered longest in Canada by his connection with Dr. Drummond and his books. This, perhaps, is only natural, as the work of both strikes near home. To know that the artist did his part well, one has but to look at the illustrations in any one of these books. He went to the fountain head, to the plain people, and he has delicately delineated the characters he has met, and lived among, in French Canada. He has run the gamut of variety. Nothing has escaped him. War, scenery, portraiture, and domestic life, are faithfully depicted, and woven into the warp and woof of the doctor's stories.

Drummond and Coburn have accom-

plished a national work, and posterity will be grateful to them. History holds many examples of men being born who dovetail into one another's lives. In this way good results are compounded.

Of the artist's private life, and his personality, little can be said. One of the strongest traits of his character is his aversion to anything which savors of personal advertising. He has no objection to people discussing his work, because he knows this part of him is for the public. He believes that honest criticism, from any source, may be valuable. He is a severe and relentless critic of his own work, and invites it from all, as all men of talent do. It is hardly necessary to say anything regarding his personality, because the keen observer will find it reflected in his work. The future is difficult to estimate, but if success depends upon the force of the old adage that "true art is the expression of man's joy in his work," then the future holds the greatest success for the Canadian artist—Frederick Simpson Coburn.



DREAMLAND

A fantastic drawing in the edition of Edgar Allan Poe, illustrated by F. S. Coburn.

—Reproduced by courtesy of G. F. Fetzner's Sons.

# Agatha's Apron

By UNA HUDSON

From Appleton's Magazine

I

IT was the first time in an acquaintanceship dating from the days when they both wore pinafores and made mud pies together that Mrs. Jack Deming had ever seen Jimmy Farraday in the least embarrassed or ill at ease.

Now he was both. He sat on the edge of his chair and nervously fingered the paper-wrapped package laid across his knees.

"If it's a present for me, Jimmy," said Mrs. Jack at last, "I think you may give it to me; Jack won't care."

Jimmy laughed and began to undo the string. He understood Mrs. Jack perfectly.

With mounting curiosity she saw him unroll a foam of embroidery and fine white lawn, that, being shaken out, resolved itself into a garment distinctly feminine.

Mrs. Jack reached out eager hands. "O, Jimmy," she cried, "what a perfect love of an apron! I never saw anything like it. Where on earth did you find it?"

"What does it make you think of?" Jimmy demanded, ignoring the question.

Mrs. Jack drew a deep breath. Her eyes shone.

"Love and service, Jimmy," she said softly. "Real love, and service because one loves."

Jimmy nodded. "Yes," he said "that was what I thought. And if it makes you feel like that, too—"

"Jimmy," broke in Mrs. Jack,

"only a poet or a man in love would have bought that apron. Now I know you're not a poet. So—"

"Yes," Jimmy admitted rapidly. "Agatha Dean. I bought the apron for her."

"That apron and Agatha Dean!" gasped Mrs. Jack. "Jimmy, you must be crazy! Why, Agatha writes; she hasn't a thought beyond her stories. It's a career Agatha wants, not an apron. What you want, Jimmy, is a honey little body—some one you can pet and take care of; some one who'll love you hard, Jimmy, and—live up to that apron."

"Agatha's just that," Jimmy insisted, "only she doesn't know it—yet."

"Jimmy," Mrs. Jack earnestly protested. "You take my word for it, Agatha Dean will not appreciate that apron at all; she won't understand it. Give it to me, Jimmy; do! It looks just the way I feel toward Jack; I want to wear it for him!"

"I can't," Jimmy objected. "It's for Agatha."

"Jimmy," Mrs. Jack was begging quite shamelessly. "at least let me copy it; I can make one just like it."

"I'm sorry," Jimmy refused, "but it's Agatha's and there mustn't be another one like it."

"Very well, Jimmy," Mrs. Jack yielded gracefully because she understood. She folded the apron carefully and handed it back with a regretful sigh.

"But I want you to give it to her," said Jimmy, at last revealing the real reason for his call. "She couldn't take it from me, of course."

"She'll think me quite crazy," protested Mrs. Jack. "And what earthly excuse can I offer for giving it? It isn't Christmas or a birthday or anything, you know."

"Oh, just tell her the apron reminded you of her, and so you send it," Jimmy advised brilliantly.

"Jimmy!"—Mrs. Jack was convulsed with laughter—"I take back what I said; perhaps Agatha's the one for you, after all; you do need a guardian. Mercy! Don't wad it up like that! And in that horrid coarse brown paper, too. If I'm to send it, at least it shall be properly wrapped."

She hunted up fine white tissue paper and some narrow scarlet ribbon; but she balked at the note.

"I couldn't, you know, Jimmy," she protested, "tell a tarradiddle like that. I'll just enclose my card. Shall I mail it, or send it by messenger, or what?"

"Give it to me," said Jimmy. "I'll have a messenger take it up. I want to be there, you know, when it's delivered. I'm going to call on Agatha now," he explained.

He took the package and reached for his hat.

"You've been awfully good about it, Mrs. Jack," he said, "and I'm no end grateful."

Mrs. Jack accompanied him to the front door. As he went down the steps he was whistling softly. With her head on one side she listened and caught the air—it was the wedding march from Lohengrin.

II

Not being a mind-reader, Jimmy Farraday could not know that a new plot was seething in Agatha's brain and that her fingers itched for a pencil; and Agatha was too polite to tell him.

So he sat down and began to talk cheerful nothings the while he wait-

ed for his messenger boy. He tried not to look expectant when the bell rang, and hoped his manner was properly detached and disinterested when the maid brought in a familiar tissue-wrapped parcel.

Agatha laid it on the table and went on with the conversation.

"Haven't you any natural curiosity?" Jimmy wanted to know.

"Not so much, I think, as you have," Agatha flashed back at him. But she laughed and began to untie the scarlet ribbon.

"Now, why," she demanded, in a puzzled sort of way, when she had brought to light both apron and card, "should she be sending me that? It isn't Christmas or a birthday, and, anyway, we never exchange gifts."

"Who is 'she'?" demanded Jimmy, feeling that when he took to civil engineering a talented actor was lost to the world.

"Mrs. Jack Deming," Agatha explained, quite unnecessarily, had she but known it. "It's an apron," she further informed him, also unnecessarily.

Jimmy leaned over and meditatively fingered the embroidery.

"It seems a pretty one," he ventured.

"Why, yes," said Agatha, "as aprons go, I should say it was an uncommonly nice one. I know that's good embroidery; but I'd rather have it in a shirtwaist."

"But it looks nice on the apron," Jimmy insisted. He took it from Agatha and spread it across his knees.

"What does it make you think of?" he inquired hopefully.

"Of a lunatic asylum for Mrs. Jack," Agatha returned promptly.

"Great Scott!" Jimmy gasped, rather taken aback. "But why?"

"An apron for me?" said Agatha, tossing it onto the table. "Why, an apron's a badge of servitude. Only nurses and cooks have any use for aprons."

"Mrs. Jack wears them sometimes," Jimmy ventured.

"Yes, when she's fussing over her chafing dish, or when it's cook's afternoon off."

"I like an apron myself," Jimmy stated. "That is, a nice apron like that one."

Agatha looked at him curiously. "What's come over you, Jimmy?" she wanted to know. "I begin to think you and Mrs. Jack must be two of a kind. If you want that apron for your best girl, Jimmy, for Heaven's sake take it and give it to her."

"I haven't any 'best girl,'" Jimmy confessed sadly. "I'd like to have, but she won't have me."

"Have you asked her?" Agatha demanded practically.

"No."

"Then how do you know she won't have you?"

"Would you have me?"

"Goodness, no!"

"Then why should you suppose that what isn't good enough for you would do for some other girl?"

"It isn't a question of good enough," Agatha explained patiently. "I'm sure any girl who really wanted a husband would be glad enough to get you. But, you see, I don't want a husband; I'm not the marrying kind."

"But perhaps you are?" Jimmy suggested mildly. "only you don't know it yet."

Agatha opened her lips for an emphatic denial, but Jimmy forestalled her by a question.

"Are you going to wear the apron?" he wanted to know.

"I am not," Agatha's answer was both prompt and emphatic. "I'm going to have it made into a shirtwaist. It's a shame to waste such lovely embroidery, and so much of it."

### III

But Agatha did not wear the apron made into a shirtwaist. Twice she took it out, fully intending to

carry it to her dressmaker's, and twice, for no reason at all, she put it back in the drawer.

Finally she went to call on Mrs. Deming.

"Mrs. Jack," she said, going straight to the point, "that apron you sent me is getting on my nerves. What use could you possibly have thought I would ever have for it?"

"No use at all," returned Mrs. Jack with frankness, watching Agatha.

"Then, why on earth," demanded the amazed Agatha, "did you send it to me?"

"Because Jimmy Farraday asked me to."

"Jimmy Farraday! What has he to do with it?"

"Agatha Dent," said Mrs. Jack severely, "I'm ashamed of you! And you a story writer, too! If one look at that apron doesn't tell you, then I guess you'd better ask Jimmy."

Which Agatha did. I want you to marry me, Agatha," said Jimmy bluntly.

"But what has the apron to do with it?" demanded poor, puzzled Agatha.

"Everything," said Jimmy earnestly.

"Jimmy," said Agatha, trying to treat the matter lightly, "the novelty of your proposal certainly appeals to me. If—"

"I love you!" said Jimmy tensely. "Agatha Dent, I love you, and you don't love me—yet. When you know what that apron means you'll love me—or some other man. Oh, I know!—in answer to her little gesture of protest—"you think you don't want love. But, perhaps, Agatha, some day you'll find that you do. And if I'm the man—I won't bother you in the meantime; I won't refer to this again—but if I'm the man, Agatha, will you tell me?"

"Why, yes," said Agatha slowly. "I think I can promise that, Jimmy."

### IV

For an hour Agatha had wrestled vainly with a heroine who insisted upon being clothed, most unflatteringly, in an apron, and a hero who liked aprons and said so.

At last she flung down her pencil in disgust.

"I'd like," she said viciously, "to tie that apron about Jimmy Farraday's neck and choke him."

Then she went upstairs and took the apron out of the drawer. She tied it on and stood before the glass. In some subtle fashion the apron clashed with the gown she was wearing. She jerked it off and flung it on the bed.

"I'll take it to Celeste," she decided angrily. "and have it made into a shirt waist, and be done with it."

Celeste was a little Frenchwoman who had been a lady's maid, but who now sewed for a favored few.

She fell upon the apron with a little cry of admiration. Agatha waited till her first rapture had spent itself. Then, to her great disgust, she heard herself saying: "Celeste, I want a gown to wear with that apron. And you need not consider expense."

The little Frenchwoman shrugged her shoulders and spread her palms in a queer, deprecating gesture.

"Mon Dieu!" she cried. "With you of America it sees like that always. It sees money, money, and then more money. It sees not money will make a gown for that so charming apron. Mais, non. A little of the head, and much of the heart, and a trifle of pink lawn, and behold it sees done!"

Agatha gasped.

"Celeste," she demanded suddenly, "were you ever in love?"

The effect of the question staggered Agatha.

The volatile little Frenchwoman turned quite white and dropped into the nearest chair.

"Mon Dieu!" she moaned. "It sees

so long ago, and yet I cannot forget, not ever can I forget!"

She was crying now, and between her sobs she explained.

"My Alphonse," she said, "we were to have been married, but he died, and I am left alone. That little apron of mademoiselle, it makes me to think of Alphonse."

She dried her eyes and stood up.

"I ask a thousand pardons," she said, in a voice that still shook in spite of her efforts to control it. "The gown of mademoiselle, in three days it shall be done."

Celeste was as good as her word. In three days the gown came home. It was swathed in tissue paper and smelled faintly of orris.

Agatha looked at it in wonder, it was so simple, yet so perfect and so different from anything she had ever before worn.

She slipped it on, and her wonder grew. Clearly the little French dressmaker who sewed for her daily bread possessed some secret of living of which she, Agatha, was ignorant. And whatever it was, Mrs. Jack Deming knew it, too. That senseless apron appealed to her just as it had to Celeste. She had wanted to wear it for her Jack.

In deep disgust Agatha hung up the pink dress in her closet. She had acquired a perfectly useless frock and was no nearer to an understanding of the apron than she had been before.

Then she went downstairs, where she found a long brown, self-addressed envelope lying on the hall table.

Folded in the manuscript it contained was an editorial communication. From it Agatha gathered that that particular editor believed in the shoemaker sticking to his last, and that he thought Agatha had better leave the writing of love stories to some one who knew more about it than she did. Sadly Agatha dropped her despatch and rejected story into the waste basket. She had not the heart to send it elsewhere, for she feared that the editor was right.

## V

"It will be a big thing," said Jimmy Farraday, "the biggest thing I've ever seen yet, and I'm to have entire charge of the work."

"But South America," objected Agatha rather faintly, "is such a long way off."

"It's a chance such as comes to a chap but once in a lifetime," contended Jimmy Farraday. "And, besides, there's really nothing to keep me here, you know," he ended rather dismally.

"Then," said Agatha, "you've definitely decided to go?"

"Yes."

He would not wait for the cup of tea she wanted to make for him, because, he said, he was pressed for time. He would sail in a week, and meantime there was much to be done.

That night Agatha lay long awake. She was trying to determine what her world would be like with Jimmy Farraday taken out of it. Somehow it had never occurred to her that Jimmy could go out of her life. She had accepted him just as she had the sunshine and the flowers in spring and the little new green leaves on the trees, and all the other things that went to make her life pleasant.

She would miss Jimmy; oh, yes, she was very sure indeed that she would miss Jimmy. Who understood her many moods as did Jimmy—kind, patient, thoughtful Jimmy? Who else would trouble to send her her favorite flowers, or to see always that the best in music and literature came her way? What would life be without Jimmy's unobtrusive but, none the less, very real care of her?

Quite suddenly Agatha turned her face to her pillow and began to cry. Her world had all gone wrong.

Toward morning she fell asleep, but only to dream that she saw Jimmy standing on the deck of the steamer that was to take him to South America. But Jimmy was not alone. A girl was beside him—a girl

who wore an apron and seemed to like it. And the girl and Jimmy were so absorbed in each other that neither of them saw Agatha, who was standing on the shore and trying vainly to attract their attention.

Fierce, hot jealousy—an emotion hitherto unknown to Agatha—tore at her heart. So real was it that it woke her up.

It lacked quite an hour of her usual rising time, but she got up and began a frantic search through her bureau drawers. At length she pulled out what she wanted—Jimmy's apron that she had done her best to mislay and forget.

Her tears rained down on its white folds and blistered the dainty lawn. At last she knew what the apron stood for.

## VI

Agatha stood before the telephone and clutched the receiver with a shaking hand. Central was very long in making the connection. Perhaps Jimmy was not there at all. He might be ill, or out of town, or—well, almost anything.

And then: "Hello!" came to her faintly. It was Jimmy speaking. As if she could possibly mistake any other voice for his!

"It's Agatha," she said, trying hard to speak quite naturally. "And I want you to come up at once. Oh, I know you're busy, but it's very important, and—please come!"

"Why, of course I'll come." The voice was kind and reassuring, but then it could not have been anything else, for was it not Jimmy's voice?

"Oh, I'm so glad!"

Jimmy Farraday could hardly believe his ears. Indeed, he would have asked her to repeat that, but Agatha had already hung up the receiver and was on her way to the front door, that she might open it so soon as ever Jimmy should set foot on the porch.

Something of yielding, something of surrender Jimmy certainly ex-

## AGATHA'S APRON

pected, but even so he was all unprepared for the bundle of pink lawn that hurled itself into his arms and clutched him firmly.

"Oh, you may go to South America if you want to," said a voice that was half smothered against his coat collar, "but, Jimmy Farraday, you've got to take me along. And see, Jimmy, I have on

your apron. I know what it means now, dear, and I'm going to wear it for you—always, Jimmy."

Jimmy Farraday did not answer in words, because where his voice should have been there was only a lump. But his arms tightened about the pink-clad figure, and his lips had found hers. And both understood and were satisfied.



THE WINDMILL

—Photo by E. M. Bailey

# The New Era of the Intercolonial

By J. MILLER McCONNELL

**S**HORTLY after his appointment as Minister of Railways and Canals, in 1907, Hon. George P. Graham made an important declaration with respect to the Intercolonial Railway.

Speaking at his home town on a public occasion he made a statement which might be accepted as a confession of faith on his part, a statement of his belief in what could be done with that railway and of his determination to act on that belief.

To the credit of the Minister it may be said that since that time he has shown every indication of "making good" and living up to his avowed. His first important step was to appoint a board of government railway managers and the personnel of that board indicates that the Minister meant what he said, and what he said was this:

"If the Intercolonial is to be made to pay it must be run absolutely independent of political influence. The only way to keep the Intercolonial as a commercial enterprise is to treat it as a commercial institution."

Prior to the appointment of the Hon. Mr. Graham to the portfolio of Railways and Canals, the position had been generally held by ministers identified more particularly with the interests, political and otherwise, of the Maritime Provinces, and men representing constituencies situated in those provinces. They naturally came more under the pressure of lower province opinion and sentiment than

would a man from another part of the country, and in calling Mr. Graham to the post it is the general belief that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was convinced that a man who was less influenced by local conditions would be more likely to carry out successfully the ideas which he had been formulating for some time regarding the management of the road.

The important decision to appoint a board of management was not made before the public had had ample time to discuss the pros and cons of the situation to its heart's content. The appointment of Mr. Graham was practically the signal for an outburst of discussion which has continued intermittently ever since. Amounting at times almost to a tempest, interest in the matter would fall off, only to be renewed again.

But now the tempest is stilled and the public awaits with great interest the outcome of the experiment; for after all it is only an experiment, and if it fails, some other scheme will have to be tried until the solution is reached.

About a year from now the public will probably be given an opportunity to judge of how the new arrangement works. It went into effect on the first of May and within a reasonable time after the same date next year the board of management ought to be able to give the minister a very fair idea of how the scheme is succeeding. Probably, if more time is required to prove the efficacy of the system,

the period of probation may be extended for another year.

M. J. Butler, Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals, is the chairman of the board, and associated with him are David Pottinger, the general manager; E. Tiffin, traffic manager, and F. P. Brady, formerly a divisional superintendent of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

It is safe to assume that it would be a very simple matter for these gentlemen to take the Intercolonial Railway in hand and make the annual expenditure conform, in its proper ratio, to the income and the amount of capital invested in the enterprise. Any experienced railway man, if given a free hand, could do that without much trouble. In fact, it is being done right along in the railway world. Railways which have shown deficits for years have been taken in hand and have not only been made to pay expenses but to earn dividends as well.

Unfortunately, the Intercolonial Railway is not at all like any other railway on the North American continent, and the board of management has not only the customary obstacles to meet but it has also to consider a sort of "vested right" of the people of the Maritime Provinces. Although belonging to the people of Canada as a whole, the Maritime Provinces look upon the road as peculiarly their own, inasmuch as the line traverses their territory exclusively with the exception of a connecting section which lies in the Province of Quebec.

Political influence and "pull" have long been regarded as fatal to the successful financial management of the road. This is not a one-sided political statement. It is well known and admitted by every one who knows anything about the Intercolonial. The people down east know it from personal experience, and the people up west know it from having read about it in the newspapers. Members of Parliament know about it because it is discussed

in the House of Commons every session, more or less.

When the Conservative party was in power one of the greatest election rallying cries of the Liberals was the mismanagement of the road and its use as an instrument for corruption in the winning of elections. When the Liberals got into power it was not long before the Conservative Opposition was hurling the self-same charges at the Government. And there is very little doubt in the minds of fair-minded men that there was a large element of truth on both sides.

The Minister of Railways, his leader and the other ministers, know all about this feature of the situation and no men know it better than the board of management which Mr. Graham has set to the task of eliminating this harmful influence from the life of the road. They know what a difficult struggle is ahead of them, but they have set their hand to the work and it is to be hoped will not turn back. They will enter upon their arduous undertaking with the best wishes of every loyal Canadian who would like to see the Government Railway system a financial success. The opponents of Government ownership would probably not weep if, in the end, the attempt has to be given up, as the result would inevitably mean the absorption of the road or its partition among the other great railway systems of the Dominion. Their jaws have been extended hungrily for some time to gobble the succulent morsel.

Mr. Butler, the chairman, will continue to conduct the affairs of his department from Ottawa, but the other members of the board will be located at Moncton, N.B., where the headquarters of the Intercolonial are situated. The combination appears to be an exceptionally strong one. In the first place only one member of the board is a newcomer; all the others have had plenty of executive experience with the road. Mr.



HON. GEORGE F. GRAHAM

The man under whose regime as Minister of Railways and Canals the new era for the C.P.R. has dawned.

Pottinger has literally grown up with the system. He worked on a portion of it before it was developed into a trunk line and probably knows more about the road than any living man. He is the kind of man who is incapable of wittingly doing anyone an injustice and is respected and beloved by those who know him intimately. He is not a voluble man and from the paucity of his remarks at times, a listener might be deluded into the impression that he lacked interest in his work, or in that part of it at least about which the listener might be concerned. Those who know him well realize how far astray such an estimate is. Unobtrusive sympathy is a strong characteristic of his na-

ture and no one person can reckon the numerous quiet ways in which he has developed it. He knows every inch of the road and probably most of the people who work on it, and whatever reforms the board may carry out it is safe to say that Mr. Pottinger will see that they are tempered with justice to the deserving ones. Times without number the general manager has been put on the shelf by Danie Ramor, but though governments have come and gone Mr. Pottinger has stayed on and is still there.

Once an effort was made in the direction of reform and the authority of Mr. Pottinger was divided with another official, but in a comparatively short time the latter

passed out of the life of the road, thoroughly disgusted with his lack of success. It requires a man with Mr. Pottinger's long experience and familiarity with existing conditions and with the temperament of the people with whom he had to deal, to stand steady at his post in fair weather and foul. He has had to suffer a lot of abuse and vituperation at times at the hands of overzealous partisan writers in the press, really meant more for the system than for himself personally, but he has taken it all smilingly and never lost his temper. His services as one of the board will be invaluable.

Mr. Butler is a good engineer and a good administrator. He and Mr. Pottinger, with their staff, have built up an excellent system and given the people of Eastern Canada a splendid train service. Mr. Tiffin is a traffic man and that he has made a success of his department is evidenced by the large increase in the business of the road since he took hold less than a decade ago. Mr. Brady is an operating man of experience and will doubtless give the board the benefit of sound judgment when he becomes better acquainted with the road and its requirements and weaknesses.

These men are now at work and the public will look for results. That will be the true test of the experiment, for after all, as it was pointed out before, this is the first time that a supreme and determined effort has been made to eliminate that bugbear of the road's life—political influence.

It is generally admitted that the Intercolonial has been used by both political parties for their own advantage. To go into the details of this would require a small volume in itself. A commission of investigation would doubtless find an endless variety of evidence bearing upon the point. Suffice to say, that the so-called political corruption in connection with the road commenced

before it was built, paradoxical as that may seem.

Before me lies a book published in 1866 on "The Confederation of British North America," written by E. C. Volton and H. H. Webber, two Royal Artillery officers, who had been stationed in Canada and had earned home to England with them strong convictions against the federation of the Canadian Provinces, at that time a very lively question. They set out in this book



MR. J. BUTLER

Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals, who takes a place as the new C.P.R. Commissioner.

to tell Englishmen what a great folly confederation would be and in the chapter devoted to the Intercolonial Railway they wrote in part:

"By those unacquainted with the details of colonial politics, the political value of railways in British North America can hardly be appreciated. The capital secured for a ministry from a successful working of the railway creeds is unlimited. In countries so sparsely settled as the North American provinces, no railway can be constructed without some measure of Government assistance. The power of granting this being vested in the minister of the day,





L. FORTINGER

Vice-President General Manager of the Intercolonial, who becomes a member of the new Committee of Management.



F. F. BRADT

A railroad man who will bring a long experience to bear on the work of the Committee.

the result can easily be imagined. Any politician in power wishing to secure the adherence of two or three counties looks them with a railway line on which they are afterwards played by various succeeding administrations until the railway is completed.

"Time passes on, the Minister secures his votes, until in the course of colonial politics he is turned out. The old Opposition then works the railway 'ordeal.' They go a step further than their predecessors: they promise a railway to go and so. The old Government (now the Opposition) cry out against extravagance, declare the province on the verge of ruin, and perhaps, by the assistance of such a cry, return to power. Again in office, railway extension is the order of the day. Circumstances have changed since the late Government tried it.

"The strong sense of the country regarding the construction of railways sooner or later essential, every politician is anxious to gain the retrospective credit of having triumphantly carried his measure through."

The authors go on to assure their readers that the remarks quoted are founded on facts actually observed and say that Avaril Loughey, who was Commissioner of Railways and

the author of the remark that "Rum and railways are the ruin of Nova Scotia," was afterwards the member of a government exceeding all others in railway prodigality.

These remarks, while non-partisan, may be slightly prejudiced and extreme, but they are worth quoting as indicating the manner in which railway politics worked in the old days when scandals were in the promissory stage. What, then, but a continuance of the same conditions might be expected when they were built.

The complaint from the time the Intercolonial Railway was built down to the present time is that politicians have secured positions of various kinds for their friends and supporters regardless of their fitness to fill them, and that contracts have gone to party friends, often without tender, that in election times the system has been used as a party auxiliary and so on. All this sort of thing is deep-seated and the new board of management will have to

say to the politicians: "Hands off," and see that the order is obeyed. If they are given the free hand that the public expect, they will be able to place men where they can give the best results and get rid of useless ones, of whom there are said to be quite a number on the pay-roll. This is better illustrated in a report laid before Parliament early in this year's session in which a conciliation board, investigating the complaints about salaries paid to freight clerks came to this significant conclusion:

"The committee, after its investigation, is of opinion that in the matter of wages the system that obtains of appointing from time to time new men at higher pay over the heads of men long in the service, and probably more capable of doing the work, is injurious to the service and unjust to the men. The remedy for this lies in reorganization and the abolition of the existing system of appointment, influenced by the political patronage which, from the point of efficient working, we find ample evidence to condemn as applied to the Intercolonial Railway."

The board also found that "the present staff is greater than is necessary, and the wages paid the men too low. It is recommended that the staff be reduced, and the amount so saved given as an increase, which would probably amount to from 15 to 20 per cent."

This indicates one problem with which the board of management will have to grapple besides which there are the still more important matters of securing better traffic-working arrangements with other railways where possible and seeing that the road gets all the traffic that it should secure commensurate with its agreements and working arrangements with other systems.

The relations of the other great Canadian railway systems to the Intercolonial constitute an important chapter in its history, with respect

to which interesting developments may be expected. In the controversy which preceded the appointment of the board of management the names of the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific were all prominently discussed in connection with the probable future of the line.

The Canadian Pacific has its present Atlantic terminus at St. John, N.B., but would like to secure running rights through to Halifax. Negotiations along these lines have not yet reached a satisfactory solution. The Canadian Northern would like to link up its western lines with its lower province roads by means of the Intercolonial, but has not yet succeeded in making a satisfactory arrangement. The Grand Trunk Pacific will use the road from its terminus at Moncton to Halifax and it has been suggested that the best solution of the whole problem would be to double track the route from St. John to Halifax and give all the lines equal privileges in the way of running rights to the seaboard at Halifax.



E. TIFFIN

An experienced member of the new Committee.

the Government reserving to itself the control of the property in the interests of the people. The appointment of an independent commission was urged as one way of dealing with the road, but the plan to establish a board of management of railway experts prevailed.

Hon. Mr. Emerson, the former Minister of Railways, was very strongly opposed to giving any other railway (i.e., private corporation) special rights or privileges on the Intercolonial. He took the ground that "It would enable such a company to at once secure, between daylight and dark, every feeder to the Intercolonial, and in securing these feeders that company would absolutely wrest from the Intercolonial the traffic which it enjoys to-day." He furthermore strongly advocated that the Government should secure these branch lines for the Intercolonial. Since that time a commission has investigated the matter and reported favorably on the project, but so far no action has been taken on the report. The commission carefully examined the various branch lines or feeders before making the favorable report.

A great many people throughout Canada have never seen the Intercolonial Railway, much less have they ridden in one of its cars. They have formed their impressions from what they have read in the newspapers—extracts from discussions in the House of Commons, often denouncing the wasteful manner in which the road is run. They have been told that there is no good reason why they should be saddled with the expense of maintaining a road that does not pay and that they might as well do something to get rid of it. No doubt many people in parts far removed from the scene of its operations think the road is a poor old affair, dilapidated and decrepit, with rusty rails, broken down cars and all that sort of thing. Some of the controversy over the road has indeed encouraged that idea. What

a rude surprise these people would receive if they came down to Montreal and took passage on one of the through trains which leave the western terminals every day for Halifax and St. John, and in the summer twice a day! They would find the service in every way equal to the best in the land. They would discover that their comfort was as well looked after as on any road of a private corporation. They would learn, indeed, that the officials of the road are as keen after business as those of any other line and that the attractions of the route are as well set forth to catch the eye of the traveler as on any other railroad.

Fine equipment and splendid road bed are as much an essential to the Intercolonial as to any other line, and officials are on hand to see that it is kept up to the highest modern standard. Travelers do not find stations along the line falling to pieces or showing signs of decay, but on the other hand, they see buildings maintained in good order. They learn that the Intercolonial is as particular about running its trains on schedule time as any other road and if there is any failure in that respect good reason has to be shown. The distant newspaper-reader thinking only of deficits and political mismanagement, might believe that the so-called politically-appointed officials sit in their offices and let the proper running of trains go to pieces, but such is by no means the case.

The Canadian Government Railway system comprises 1,715 miles of railway, of which the Intercolonial Division constitutes the greater proportion, 1,408 miles, the Prince Edward Island Division 267 miles (narrow gauge), the balance of 40 miles being leased lines. All these lines are looked after with scrupulous care and kept in a high state of efficiency. The capital invested in the system has increased during the past ten years from approximately fifty-five millions to

over eighty millions of dollars. The car mileage has increased in the same period from forty-three millions to upwards of ninety-three millions, and the train mileage from over three millions to over seven millions. The service of locomotives, passenger and freight cars, etc., has correspondingly increased in a decade, so that the road has not suffered in equipment. Oftentimes political rumors are heard to the effect that the road is being allowed to run to rack and ruin, but these can be easily ascribed to a biased view of the situation.

When it is considered that the centenary of the first passenger railway is still sixteen years distant, it is wonderful to contemplate the progress which has been made in the railway world. Even looking over the past quarter of a century great has been the increase in comfort for railway travelers. Canada has been in the forefront of that development, and it was only seven years after the first railway was built in England that proposals were made to build a line of railway to connect the St. Lawrence with the Bay of Fundy. In reality this was the commencement of the agitation which resulted in the construction of the Intercolonial. That was in 1832. It was not till four years later that a bill of incorporation was passed authorizing the construction of the St. Andrew's and Quebec Railway, but trouble over the Maine boundary intervened and knocked the project on the head. A few years later a line from Restigouche, in New Brunswick, to the St. Lawrence, was projected, but, like its predecessor, it failed to materialize. It was not until 1838 that the Quebec to Halifax line was surveyed and the cost of a road estimated at \$35,000,000.

Repeated efforts were made to get the Imperial Government to lend financial assistance for such a road, but the British statesmen could not be convinced, and it was stated that

the British public took very little interest in the matter. In the meantime the Lower Provinces commenced to build lines within their own provinces, with their own resources and these sections afterwards were linked up to form the Intercolonial. In 1852 the Grand Trunk was incorporated and by 1860 had its line from Sarnia to Trois Pistoles, on the lower St. Lawrence, opened. The part of the line from Lévis to Trois Pistoles was afterwards purchased by the Government and made part of the Intercolonial.

New Brunswick had started to build a road and by 1860 had a line opened from Shediac, on Northumberland Strait, to St. John. Nova Scotia started building in 1854 and in 1858 had a line opened from Halifax to Truro. In 1863 Mr. (now Sir) Sandford Fleming, at the request of the various governments interested, commenced a survey of the proposed line to connect the Upper and Lower Provinces. His estimate for a line through the interior of the country was an average of \$46,000 per mile or \$20,635,500 for the 458 miles it was proposed to construct. Shortly afterwards came Confederation with the pledge to build the road from River du Loup to Truro and the securing of the guarantee of a loan by the Imperial Government to help Canada finance the scheme.

In 1867, Mr. Fleming made another survey for the Government and the following year was fought out the battle of the routes through New Brunswick which resulted in the North Shore route being chosen, the same, practically, which was advocated by Imperial officers years before as being the safest route from a military point of view. The line as originally projected was opened for traffic on July 1st, 1876, so that on next Dominion Day the road will celebrate its thirty-third birthday. In later years branches were added and connecting lines acquired until it now extends from the head-



I.C.R. SLEEPER "SYDNEY"

An example of the up-to-date equipment on the Ocean Limited Express.

waters of ocean navigation on the St. Lawrence to the port of Halifax, on the Atlantic, and is thus in a position to perform the function of an all-Canadian route to the sea in winter, a strategic position which it alone, among other Canadian lines, can boast.

The statement has been repeatedly made that the Intercolonial has been run at a financial loss in the interests of the people of the Lower Provinces, that it was built as a sort of bribe to induce them to join Confederation and is being operated at a loss as an additional bribe to keep them in the proper frame of mind towards the rest of the Dominion.

It is, of course, true that the construction of the Intercolonial Railway was one of the compacts of Confederation. Without it the Lower Provinces would have borne to Upper and Lower Canada something of the relation of Alaska to the United States. Forty-two years ago, when Confederation was effected, there was a wilderness between the Maritime Provinces and Lower Canada. The trade of the seaside provinces was along the coast with the New England States, and one of the ideas of Confederation was to change this and divert the trade to Canadian centres. How could this have been done without the railway? Union would have been a farce without the road, and it was of as much importance to the people of Upper Canada as to those of the eastern

section. That a circuitous and expensive route was adopted was not the fault of the people of the Lower Provinces. That long and devious line of railway from Halifax to Lewis first and Montreal later constitutes another story.

When the Canadian Legislatures were trying to get Imperial aid for the building of the road, one of the most salient features of the argument in its favor was its military value. The people of the Lower Provinces did not worry about that point particularly, but the people of Upper and Lower Canada did. They were at that time greatly afraid and in real danger of invasion from the south. In the winter, when the St. Lawrence was frozen over, and troops would have to be landed at either Halifax or St. John, it was almost impossible to hope for the assistance of Imperial troops. The people of the western provinces wanted a line of railway as far removed from the Maine border as possible, and that is one reason why the Intercolonial was constructed up by the Baie de Chaleur and the St. Lawrence River.

The feeling prior to Confederation, as voiced in a speech made in Montreal in 1865 by D'Arcy McGee, who was a member of the coalition government of that day, shows that the people of Canada were more concerned about their own security in the construction of the Intercolonial than they were of the in-

terests of the people of the Lower Provinces. Mr. McGee said on that occasion: "Will you unite, or will you give up your country to another Government and another people? Without union we cannot have the Intercolonial Railway, and without the road we cannot have direct intercourse with the Mother Country—and without both we are at the mercy of another government and another people."

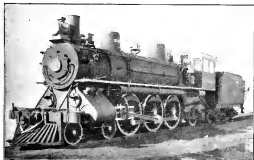
It will thus be seen that it is not fair to say that the road was built exclusively in the interests of the Maritime Provinces.

For a long time there was a fear on the part of eastern people that if the road passed out of the control of the Government, no matter what party might be in power, their interests would be at the mercy of some monopolistic corporation which would bleed them for all they were worth and overlook all the circumstances and conditions under which the road had been built. This feeling, it is safe to assume, has been of late reduced to a mini-

mum in view of the fact that these companies are now anxious to use it, and that the Government is bound to arrange that all can avail themselves of the route without favor, and that the interests of the people will be conserved in any arrangement that may be made to the end.

There is a tendency in some quarters to regard the people of the Lower Provinces as stubbornly resisting any plan looking to the placing of the people's railway on a purely commercial basis. They are thought to be unreasonable and petulant in desiring to perpetuate a state of affairs which in the light of recent events appears to be intolerable and unjust to the taxpayers of the country as a whole. But if the accusation at one time possessed fair measure of justification it does so no longer as applied to the liberal-minded and better informed classes of the three provinces.

The claim of justification made on the part of the eastern people for the operation of the line on a non-



DISPROVING A FALLACY

The motive power of the I.C.R. is not antiquated, as this powerful locomotive abundantly proves.

commercial basis was principally due to the fact that the Maritime Provinces sacrificed more for the benefit of Confederation than any other section of the Dominion. The building and operation of the Intercolonial was regarded as a measure of compensation for the trade interests which had to be sacrificed in order that the great union should be a success. The trade of the Lower Provinces had to be lifted bodily out of old channels and re-directed into new and more remote ones, and it was considered no more than fair that the whole country should lend assistance in successfully carrying out this difficult task.

The Intercolonial Railway was regarded as the chief instrument in accomplishing this object. When a railway is placed at a disadvantage with a competitor in respect to longer haulage or some other disability it claims the right to apply a "differential" tariff, and over this claim there have been many big fights in the past. The Lower Provinces were placed at a disadvantage by the terms of Confederation, and they felt that they were entitled to "differential" treatment through the medium of the Government-owned line. The general public has no desire that the road should be run at a loss through the disability of political patronage—that is a matter purely for the politicians to answer for—but they did want to see the road maintained as deficits.

Hon. Mr. Emmerson, when Minister of Railways, in 1907, made the assertion that the Intercolonial carried freight "not merely cheaper than any other railway in Canada, nor merely cheaper than any other railway on the continent of America, but at a lower rate than any railway in the known world." Mr. W. C. Milner, however, is the author of an elaborate comparison of rates of Canadian roads in which he states

that "there is abundant evidence to prove that, taking into account local conditions of traffic, the rates on the Intercolonial are already quite as high as those of the Canadian Pacific," he adds "In view of these facts it cannot be alleged that the low rates are the cause of the deficits."

Conditions have changed greatly in the last four years and the fears which once might have been highly justified concerning the fate of the road, are now practically dissipated. The present Board of Railway Commissioners is in itself a sufficient guarantee that the people of the Maritime Provinces will not be permitted to suffer any injustice at the hands of a railway, monopolistic or otherwise. It was hardly to be dreamed of up to a comparatively short time ago, that three great transcontinental systems would like to share the people's railway. This fact should make it more than ever desirable that it be maintained as an independent road and all companies given equal privileges. This should be done on the same principle that actuated the Government when it decided to build the National Transcontinental from Winnipeg to Moncton as a public work in order that it might have the means of seeing that justice was done to the great west in the matter of rates.

The people of the Lower Provinces would be glad to see the Intercolonial placed on a paying basis, if for no other reason than to have removed the stigma which has attached to them in the manner already mentioned.

They will watch with an even deeper interest than other Canadians the working out of the new experiment and they will undoubtedly lend every assistance in their power to the commissioners in their task of placing the road where it belongs among the trunk lines of America.

## A New Scheme

By W. PETT RIDGE

From the Westminster Gazette

"NO collar, Jim?"

"Got one in my pocket," he answered, "just in case."

"But why not put it on when you're leaving work?" urged his colleague. "I don't set out to be a dresy man, but I think everybody ought to keep up a certain amount of appearance. It's only right!"

"They must take me as they find me."

"Pity to see a chap like you losing all interest in himself," continued the other. "If you'd only smarten up a bit you'd look all right, in a crowd. As it is, no lady is likely to glance at you twice."

"My day's over!" he said resignedly. "They don't take no notice of me now. Told you what my age to-day was, didn't I?"

"Maay happy returns."

All the same, he did go to the small square of mirror, held in its place by nails above the wash-stand, and, finding the collar, slightly bent and in a condition which proved that the day was not Monday, he fixed it carefully, searching to ascertain whether, by chance, a neck-tie happened to be also in his possession. Failing to discover this, he inspected his reflection carefully, smoothed his hair, and placed a bowler hat at a careful angle.

"That better?" he demanded.

"It's better, old man," conceded the critical friend, "but I wouldn't go so far as to say that it was best."

He walked out of the gates, nodding cheerfully to the night watch-

man's flattering charge that he was going to meet his girl. There were, at the works, some jokes that never failed; could be used at any time and in any situation, and one of these was to the effect that Jim found his way in life impeded and barred by adoring ladies. At the corner, where the blank wall finished, a woman of the build and physique that makes the re-tying of boot-laces difficult had just performed that task, and was straightening herself, with a flushed face, after the exertion. He gave a casual wave of salutation and was passing on, when some apples dropped from her crowded net-bag, and he had to stop and assist in their recovery and fend off the children who scampered to the point.

"You're a good deal stouter, surely," he remarked, "or else I'm greatly mistaken. Ought to take more exercise, Ellen."

"You don't look so young as you did," she mentioned. "Perhaps, if your face was washed—"

"I've washed it once."

"You should have washed it twice. I can remember the time when you used scented soap, James. Still," checking a sigh. "I'm glad to run across you again. How are the old people?"

"Mustn't grumble," he said. "As I tell 'em, they're good for another twenty year if they only look after themselves."

"They've got a good son," she declared emphatically.

"Meaning me?" with surprise.

She was going in his direction, and if he would refrain from walking too rapidly did not mind bearing him company. Some of the shops on the way reminded her of fifteen years before, either because they had changed hands or because they had not changed hands: at one she repeated an incident (which had to be recalled to his memory) by taking him inside and making a purchase which cost exactly a shilling. She favored an article mauve in color, but he decided that dark blue was safer and more endurable.

"I take this as very kind of you, Ellen."

"Don't mention it," begged the lady graciously. "Makes me feel quite young again. Remember that tobacco-pouch I once worked?"

"Shall I ever forget it?"

They parted on excellent terms—he declaring it a real pleasure to have met her, she prophesying it would not be long before they encountered each other again. Friends were few in number, and should be cultivated: apart from which it had to be borne in mind that brief life was here our portion, and no use existed in blinking the fact.

Jim stopped more than once to look at himself in windows that gave opportunities for reflection; he seemed greatly uplifted in mind by the encounter, and a little girl ordered him imperatively to leave off whistling. A short scream came from the top of an electric tramcar, and, looking up, he saw someone descending hurriedly: the speed of the conveyance took her, however, a good distance, and she came back at a run to meet him. He gazed at her as she approached; wrinkled his forehead in the effort to think of her name.

"Spotted you," she cried, "and the odd thing about it was that I'd just been thinking of you. Wasn't that extraordinary? Oh," regretfully, "don't tell me you've forgotten little Polly Sharp, and the letters we used

to write to each other. Think of King Henry's Road, and you coming round there of an evening and whistling outside the area railings."

"Seems like yesterday," he declared.

"I've never married," went on Miss Sharp vivaciously. "and I happen to know you haven't, so it's no use pretending you have. Hasn't it been a lovely summer? I've been away to Worthing, if you please. Tell you all about it some day. Can't stop now because I'm in a hurry. Care for this flower to wear in your buttonhole? Gone off a bit since I've had it, but it'll just do for you. I've got a pin."

He endeavored to express thanks.

"When can we see each other again?" she asked, preparing to leave. "You fix up an evening, will you, and let me know. Here's my card. The number's forty-eight, but it's got smudged. Mother'll be awfully pleased to see you. She knows you by name. Good-bye! Be good!"

Not strange in the circumstances that his thoughts should go back some years; that in the five minutes which remained he should, first obtaining a box of inexpensive cigarettes and borrowing a match, walk with a jaunty air, and venture now and again to glance at the features of young women who passed by, in the hope of obtaining the compliment of farther recognition. He smiled approvingly and contentedly at the thought of the enduring nature of woman's affection. There was something very comfortable in the knowledge that differences of opinion, and even words of reproof and indignation, could be forgotten.

The second one, for instance, He could recall the moment when Miss Sharp announced definitely that she would never, in any circumstances whatsoever, speak a single word to him again, though he should go down upon bended knees. Those were the times when he desired companionship for evening walks. re-

lished the utterance of fond words; and the only trouble had come when it proved necessary for him to edge away.

"Always meant a row," he said reminiscently: "but I'd got my excuse, and there was no answer to it. They had to see where my duty lay. Responsibilities; you can't get over that! A chap must look after his parents."

Here, at any rate, was a revival of old days, with women-folk paying flattering attentions. He declined now to believe that this was his birthday; reasoned that he had been unwise in standing treat on this account to his fellow-workmen.

"Late home again," said the voice of his old mother from the kitchen. "Me and father begun to think something had happened. You're a nice boy"—satirically—"to go loitering. I told you this morning you were forty to-day, and it's just occurred to me and your father that we're getting close on seventy. We shall have to be seeing about two of them forms from the post office soon. Independent of you, then, when we get our pensions!"

"Have you been mentioning that to people this afternoon?"

"Might have," she admitted. "Ah," he said ruefully, "that accounts for it!"

## Opportunity

They do me wrong who say I come no more  
When once I knock and fail to find you in;  
For every day I stand outside your door,  
And bid you wake and rise to fight and win  
Wail not for precious chances passed away,  
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;  
Each night I burn the records of the day,  
At sunrise every soul is born again.  
Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,  
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;  
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,  
But never bind a moment yet to come.  
Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep.

I lend my arm to all who say: "I can."  
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep  
But he might rise and be again a man.

—Walter Meade.



THE STATION BEAUTIFUL

The commuter's life is made pleasant here by the charming treatment of the station and its surroundings.

## Suburban Life for City People

By ARTHUR L. BLESSING.  
Adapted from *Suburban Life*

THE rapid growth of our larger Canadian cities is bringing nearer and nearer the day, when conditions of life in them will approximate more closely to prevailing conditions in the larger centres of population in the United States. Already there is an increasing number of people in Toronto, Montreal, St. John, Halifax, etc., who forsake the city during the months of summer and take up their residence in cooler and more pleasant quarters in the neighboring country, journeying in and out of the city each morning and night by train, trolley or steamer. But the day is fast approaching when these people will not be content to sojourn in the country only during the summer, they will soon make their homes there permanently. And then we will have conditions identical with those in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago.

Even to-day, if a census were taken of the workers in our cities, who nightly journey outside the city limits, the number would be found to be astonishingly large. With improved means of transportation, the army of Canadian commuters would undoubtedly reach imposing proportions.

In the light of these facts it is interesting to learn something about the manner in which the suburbanites in American cities are looked after by the transportation companies.

If it should occur to any one to doubt the reality of the tremendous movement away from the cities which has developed during the last few years, let him consider the fact that a million or more people stream into the ten largest cities of the country every morning, only to stream out again when the day's

business has been finished. This is purely suburban traffic. These people come for the most part from within an hour's ride of the city's business centre. They go to make up that grand army of commuters, which has come to be a remarkable feature of American life.

They come and go by train and by trolley. Every railroad which enters the larger cities makes special provision for this suburban traffic. Six o'clock in the morning is none too early for the arrival of the advance-guard—artisans and laborers for the most part. For an hour or more the stations are filled with them as the trains roll in in quick succession. Then gradually the aspect of the crowd changes. Shop girls, milliners, sales ladies, cashiers and book-keepers come hurrying along the platforms, many of them carrying lunch boxes artfully designed to represent hand cameras or shopping bags.

After eight o'clock the flood of incoming humanity swells rapidly. Well-groomed men of middle age and sober countenance swing themselves from the car steps and hurry toward the entrances, many of them crushing newspapers in their hands or crowding them into their pockets. Nine o'clock sees a marked diminution in the number of incoming commuters, but by that time the throng includes a great many prosperous professional and business men, not a few of the former being easily identified by green bags bulging with books and papers, which they grasp tightly as they swing along with the throng rushing toward the open door. By ten o'clock most of the bankers and other late arrivals have left their trains, and the tease activity of a business day has seized upon the city.

In the middle of the afternoon there comes a reversal of the conditions which prevailed in the morning. By three o'clock some of the bankers and men of affairs turn their faces countryward. This is

true especially during the spring and summer seasons, when the golf links and the country clubs make their strongest appeals.

It is interesting to consider the extent to which the various cities are depopulated each week-day night. Some years ago figures were compiled to show the amount of daily suburban traffic on the railroads to and from the largest cities of the country. As might be expected, New York leads with its 100,000 people who enter and leave its portals each working day, on one of the many railroad lines which have terminals at the metropolis. Just how many people go back and forth by trolley can only be estimated, but the army of such suburbanites must be enormous. The number of commuters is not to be gauged by the size of the city, however, for Boston, although much smaller than Philadelphia and Chicago, yet has a larger influx of suburbanites each day by several thousands. Indeed, Boston, with its 80,000 commuters, is not far behind New York itself.

Each week-day the trains bring 60,000 people into Chicago and take them away again at night, while the commuting population of Philadelphia is figured at 35,000. Before the earthquake, San Francisco had more commuters than Philadelphia, the number being given as 38,700.

The range of travel for commuters lies mostly within a radius of twenty-five miles; the average distance traveled is about seven miles.

Naturally, most of the railroads entering large cities devote no little attention to the matter of suburban traffic. Some of them have experimented with specially designed cars which may be filled and emptied quickly. One railroad entering Chicago, for instance, has several trains consisting of cars the entire framework of which is constructed of steel. These cars have seats for one hundred passengers, arranged in sections transversely of the car, with two aisles, one on each side, at the

ends of the seats, and extending the entire length of the car, connecting at the vestibule with end doors. Opening directly from the aisles are twenty-four sliding side doors, twelve on each side. These doors are placed equal distances apart throughout the length of the car, a door being opposite each section of eight seats. This arrangement of aisles and seats gives great facility to the movements of passengers when entering and leaving the cars.

Of course, cars of this sort require that the station platform be upon the same level as the floor of the car. The doors slide within the walls, which are hollow, and are controlled by mechanism, which is operated either by compressed air or by hand. They are exclusively in the control of the guard, who rides within the cars, and upon the arrival of the train at the station releases the mechanism, so that the doors may be opened separately by the passengers either from within or outside of the cars.

When the passengers have left the car and those who take the train have entered, the guard puts into operation a mechanism which automatically closes and locks the doors of each car simultaneously. When all of the doors of the train have been closed and locked, an electric signal is given to the engine man, who then releases the train. This method of operation is so rapid that one hundred passengers have been discharged from a car at the terminal station in four seconds, and the ordinary stops at intermediate stations, where many passengers enter and leave the train, are made in from six to eight seconds.

The system of automatic electric signals, connecting all of the side doors with the locomotive admits of long trains being handled with the same facility and despatch as shorter trains, and greatly increases the operating efficiency of the train service.

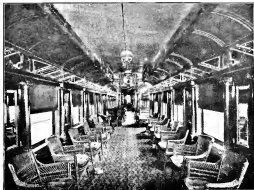
A few railroads operate what are

known as club cars, to which the public is not admitted. As a rule, these cars have luxurious appointments and are in charge of an attendant. They are rented by a club made up of commuters, for a season or a year, at a special rate, and are assigned to run upon such trains as may be desired. As they have accommodations for but a limited number of passengers, it is possible to so design the interior arrangement that they shall be particularly convenient and comfortable. The seats in such cars are reserved, the right to their use being purchased by the season or the year by members of the club, who frequently pay a premium for the choicest seats. The amount raised from the sale of the seats is used by the club to pay the rental of the car.

Some of the railroads are experimenting with a gasoline car which may come into common use for suburban service. It is commonly called "the projectile car" because of the cartridge-like appearance which it presents. Its peculiar construction allows of high speed, while it is easily handled.

Most of the railroads are obliged to enter into keen competition with parallel trolley lines for their suburban traffic, the result being exceedingly low rates of fare. Many of them have special arrangements whereby a commuter may secure a material reduction from the round-trip rates by buying monthly tickets. Various plans have been devised by which it is possible to travel back and forth between the city and suburban towns at a very small cost, provided that a specified number of journeys are made within certain limits of time. These rates differ greatly, however, on the various railroads. On some roads special rates are made for round-trip tickets from suburban towns.

What has been said, up to this point, has had special reference to



A COMMUTER'S CLUB CAR

In some places commuters have clubs and arrange for a special car of their own to run in and out of the city daily.

the railroads. As a matter of fact, the trolley companies have been perhaps the most powerful factor in developing suburban communities, the railroads having recognized this development and having taken advantage of it rather than having been active in encouraging it. The trolley lines have bound the outlying towns to the cities by bands of steel, and have introduced facilities of travel back and forth not dreamed of a few years ago. The electric road has reached out in every direction, and it is now possible to ride for long distances without change of cars in attractively appointed, thoroughly heated, well-lighted and comfortable cars.

When this condition first began to obtain, it was feared by the merchants doing business in the smaller towns that the coming of the trolleys would injure their trade by

making it too easy for their customers to reach the larger shopping centres. For this reason many trolley lines have been bitterly opposed for years. As a matter of fact, time has shown that there has been little ground for these apprehensions, for the business of the country merchant has been improved, rather than the contrary, while the customer has benefited by a larger stock, greater variety and more modern methods, and so, altogether, is well pleased.

For the sake of the race, country life is greatly to be desired and any steps that may be taken to induce city people to get out into the open are commendable. The tendency of population has been cityward for many years now. Is it not about time that a movement was set on foot to revert to the country, the natural home of man?

## Josephson

By HARRIS MERTON LYON

From McClure's Magazine

HE was a little rat-like man with a sort of linsed fear in his face.

He seemed at the same time awry and dried, a very sad rag that had been thoroughly wrung. And he was half asleep; and kept mumbling over and over, "I wonder . . . I wonder."

Now, I am not going to tell you where this happened, except so far as to say it was in a Press Club where newspaper men and dramatists and critics and the palavers on perishable things came and gathered and went. But if you will take a compass and jab on leg of it into New York and swing the other with in six hours of New York, the town will be within your circle.

He kept on saying: "I wonder . . . I wonder about myself . . . may be . . . I wonder" and he screwed up one eye at me and took me in. There was calmness about his alcoholic survey, as if he carefully sought an effect. There was also a limp garrulousness about his mouth. He seemed a sensitive man who set much store by his choice of words and conformably little by his choice of deeds. Of course he must have been a newspaper man of some sort, or he would not have been at this club. I had a look at him, put a dry cigar into my mouth, took "The Hound of Heaven" out of my pocket, and sat down to read.

An important waiter came with a match-box.

"I wonder . . . I wonder . . . may be that's my fin m m m

—"

He said something indistinctly, something that I could not quite catch.

"E always is that way," whispered the waiter, to my eyebrows of inquiry. "Name's Josephson, sir."

"I wonder . . . probably me, too . . . maybe it'll be the same way with my fin-m-m-m," wobbled the thin, mandarin voice behind my shoulder.

I laid Thompson aside and wheeled around. "Say, tell me," I said. Then waited. "Huh?"

He screwed up his left eye again. "Yes—me," I went on, and waited again.

His chin and hand trembled. It was one-thirty in the morning. "You want to hear?"

I nodded and called the waiter "Give Mr. Josephson a drink."

He drew himself up with an epileptic movement, as a pantomimist in a cinematograph, and poured himself a glass against which his teeth chattered.

"You have the advantage of me. I see you know my name. Maybe you know my story, too." He ran his thin fingers to his cheekbone and licked his lips, weakly. "Most of 'em do. They come and sit here; and I tell it to them, over and over again."

The strong electric light in the room beat down on him hotly; the chemicals in it seemed to suck the color out of him, taking along his nerve and his muscle and his blood. He blinked, and it made me think

of something in a cellar. But I waved my hand cheerily, and he went on:

"Well, you don't know me. You know my name, but you don't know where I came from. And I don't propose to tell you; and you won't find out, because a man can come from anywhere in this town. I'm a genius. I'm a newspaper genius . . . without any backbone. I guess that sounds cowardly, don't it. That sounds cowardly. Very well. That sounds cowardly. But I am not going to apologize for what I did. It's done, and what's done done. And I may be a coward, but I admit—you heard me say I admit"—he nodded his head his head emphatically—"what I did." Again he drew his thin shoulders up and gazed at me with superfluous earnestness. "No backbone—but I admit what I've done," he commented.

"Some fellows dig at a story. I've always faked. Came natural to me, anyway, and I'm a genius . . . and so I always faked my stuff. You've heard newspaper men brag about themselves, just like actors, I suppose? Well you won't hear it tonight. I'm drunk. And I'm through . . . almost through. I can write leads, that's all. I always could write good leads, human-interest dope . . . 'man-on-the-street' . . . anything except the facts. Look at me. Don't ever fake your stuff. That is, it's all right once in a while; but not week in and week out. It don't go. They get wise to you. Nothing on earth worse than a city editor . . . is there? Is there? I guess you'd say no. But you haven't heard what I did. No. You haven't listened to me . . . Josephson. Pardon me." He poured himself another drink.

"There was a senator in our city—United States senator—and he was about to die. I had the hotel run. It was easy. And you know how a fellow gets when he's got a job that's easy. He . . . he takes liberties with himself. I loaf-

ed and did a lot of other things, some of which you'll hear about in a few minutes. Principally, I loafed. I loafed because I knew everybody, and when I was too 'tired'—here he winked with effort—"or busy about something else, or wanted to sit in at a little game, I'd just pipe off the visitors in town I happened to know, fix it with 'em, and fake stuff about 'em. The city editor went home about eleven. I turned my stuff in to Ward. Remember that, will you? . . . Ward, all O.K. Lemme see—where was I? . . . Oh, yes! There was a senator in our town, and he was about to die.

"The man on the city desk was a red-headed Irishman named Flanagan. He used to have heart trouble, I 'member . . . gastritis . . . kept a box of baking-soda in his top drawer and used to eat it with a spoon. Does this bore you? Am I boring you? Tell me, friend, if I bore you. All right. Flanagan says to me, right at the beginning . . . he says, 'Josephson, stay on Bellows. Whatever you do, cover that.' . . . Bellows was the senator, y'know, that was about to kick the bucket. I said, 'Sure . . . all right.' Every few days he'd tell me, 'Don't forget the Bellows assignment, Mr. Josephson.' And I'd answer him, 'Sure.' I went on that way for about a week. We had the obituary all framed—p, cut, black-rule, and all . . . just waiting. All I had to write was a couple of stides of lead. Seems easy, don't it?" His fingers ran deftly around his glass and he lowered his eyes. "Seems a mighty little thing, don't it, when you look at it now? I'm damned if it don't . . . almost nothing. Almost nothing."

He licked his lips and waited. I waited. He sat quiet.

Finally I said, "Huh?"

" . . . Ward—I told you about ward. He was a tall, skinny guy . . . bald-head . . . near-sighted. He was about forty—over forty, I



guess. He'd come on the paper when he was a kid and had been there ever since. But he just naturally wasn't a newspaper man, that's all . . . you know the kind. They let 'em handle exchanges and get up the literary page on Sunday . . . you know the kind. He wasn't wise to anything. Simple, purblind, helpless as an owl. Half the time he didn't know what the boys were talking about, because he wasn't up on their slang. He went around behind his specks like a toad in a hole. He didn't know there was another paper on earth, he'd been there so long, and he was the only man in the place that dared to call the chief 'Charlie.' Ward got forty dollars a week. He had a wife and two children: lived 'way out in the suburbs somewhere. It was a long ride from the shop out to his house, down to work and back, and he used to lose sleep; so he slept now and then in his chair at the office . . . Now and then, did I say? Almost regular. I remember he used to sit in the city editor's chair and throw his head back and snore. When he did that his Adam's apple stuck out sort of grotesquely, for he had an Adam's apple like a fish's back. He was a sick, nervous man; drank a food coffee."

Then something incongruously comic happened—something quite indecent. Josephson began weeping . . . sobbing with a sort of fierce pathos, as a man horribly compelled. He wiped his wavering knuckles around his eyes.

"I had no idea there was so much misery in a food coffee," I said, with a laugh.

But there was no resentment in Josephson. He looked at me pitifully and said: "You don't understand. Wait a minute." He nodded at me meaningly.

I nodded.

"You see, Flanagan got his paper pretty well made up and went home every night about eleven. Then this

fellow Ward used to take the city desk until the presses started. Then he went home." He licked his lips, poured himself another drink, and breathed at me huskily, his eyes dilated, his nervous hand half extended toward mine. "Bellows" died."

He went back over it again: "Bellows died." The excitement of a dozen years came out with the words—a subtle, fearful human excitement, stirring him like a poison. He could not keep, did not try to keep, his shocking frenzy out of his voice. His little shoulders twitched; his tongue ran lightly along his lip from corner to corner; he burned as if he had whispered a miracle.

"Damn it, you see . . . Bellows died." Then his mouth performed a horrible smirk and he threw up his hands as a Frenchman would. He seemed to take it for granted that I understood what that meant, that abrupt, mystic shrug of his hands. He seemed to take it for granted that he and I were cronies, full of a mutual wisdom. It was some tacit secret, patent to us, utterly unintelligible to the outside world. . . . Bellows had died!

I looked into his watery eyes non-committally. The smirk seemed pasted onto Josephson's face. For a moment I thought him idiotic. Then he screwed up his eyes and said to me out of the corner of his mouth, in a bitter, slangy fashion.

"Where do you suppose I was when I found it out? Huh, friend? On the level, where do you suppose I was when I found it out? I was standing in the side entrance of a cafe at half-past one in the morning—and I read it in a first edition of another paper." He nodded, almost proudly. "That's where I was . . . been burning . . . some theatrical friends of mine." He nodded again. "Wasn't that abominable?" he asked, smilingly, with the expression of a man who has been chewing a bitter weed.

Then, all at once, his features

flamed up with excitement. It seemed a new excitement, not the other, not warmed over. It seemed as if Josephson went back bodily to that former situation. His eyes glowed and his speech cleared.

"Half-past one—and in another paper. That very night Flanagan had warned me. He had left early, and Ward had gone on early. I called a cab and went lickety-split for the shop. I crept in on tiptoe, scared to death. It was dark in there. The city room was lighted by only two drop-lights. The rest were out . . .

"Nobody in the place! Flanagan's desk was in a little room no bigger than a cubby-hole, right off the city room to the left—just before you go into the telegrapher's room. I was edging along as softly as I could on my toes, when all of a sudden I heard a slight rustle. I jumped, but my heart stood still. Then I saw. A window was open a little from the bottom, and the breeze had rustled through a few loose papers. That was all—so I sneaked up to the door and peaked in. Ward was there . . . asleep! Asleep as usual. Papers were all over the desk in front of him. The drop-light was on, but his face was thrown back in the shadow. I almost choked. Once I thought his eyes opened and he looked at me. But he didn't. He slept. I kept standing there, looking at him for a long, long time. I must have been fascinated. My nerves were shaking like strings, and for a minute or two—maybe three minutes—I had to stand there and just look at him. Then I tiptoed back to the far end of the room to my desk and scribbled my lead to the obituary. You couldn't hear a single, solitary sound in that whole building except my pencil scratching . . . and it was a very soft pencil, too, I remember. I jumped once more when a window-shade flapped. I couldn't have felt more frightened if I had been robbing a safe! Then I sneaked back and looked in. Ward was still asleep.

I came up easy . . . easy soft as a cat alongside of him, without making a noise. I moved a few pieces of copy-paper that had some writing on it. Just over in the corner, they were. What did I do? Honest to God, although I'd planned it all out as I came up the stairs, I hardly knew what I was doing! . . . "I slipped my story under 'em, just the least bit. Some of it stuck out where you could see it. Ward never moved."

"I got out of the room. The sweat was rolling off me when I sprang into the hall. When I reached the outside door I ran down the steps. I felt as if I was in a nightmare. When I reached the air I ran to the nearest saloon." Josephson stopped.

Again I took it for granted that words were unnecessary between us. But this time he did not smirk. He seemed, instead, to slump off into a pensive melancholy. He looked at his long finger-nails and began doing fancy, dainty offices about them. He picked lint from his clothes with his uncertain fingers, in intense concern.

"Yes?" I said, as a bridge over the gap.

He screwed up his eye and nodded. "Living, breathing hell broke loose the next morning . . . of course. But I stuck to my story. I didn't say he was asleep. I didn't need to say he was asleep . . . see?—I turned in my story a little before twelve." That'll all. Then they fumbled around among the papers on the desk and found it there . . . of course.

"When Ward came down he'd already seen the Gazette and the Leader—the other two papers—and he knew. And when they showed him my story on his desk . . . yes, he knew that time, too. The whole thing. What I'd done, and all. He didn't say anything, though. He just went red and closed his face. They panned him good and hard for losing the story; everybody, from the Old Man on down, roasted him."

And he took it. He'd been on the paper fifteen years and never made a mistake before. One of those exact, scrupulous, 'faithful dog' old fixtures around the place. In one way he didn't know how to take it. He could have thrown it off. He could have promised. He could have kidded back at the boys. If he just hadn't closed his mouth and sat there and let it all sink in—all that bitter, miserable stuff! Couldn't he? Couldn't he? What's the use! He wasn't that kind. He was some other kind. . . . the kind of fellow that kept his seasons on that nail, and his paste-pot there, and his pile of exchanges just here, and his pen-points in this little box, and his coat-hanger on that hook . . . and so on. . . . Hell, it seems like a little thing, don't it. Simply a—trivial incident . . . something that any newspaper man . . . any newspaper office . . . could easily do, and get over, and forget. Worse things have certainly happened. But the way they handed it to this guy was something fierce. Everybody around the shop came around and stuck the gaff into him, and broke it off. They didn't know at the time what they were doing. They didn't know anything about this man's people, or what kind of a home he had, or this man's life outside of the office. Some of them didn't even know he had a wife and children! You see, a good many of the boys were new men. And I had to watch 'em do it. Of course. Of course, I did.

"He got to be the office joke. They found that they could aggravate him, so it got to be part of the day's fun to stroll around past his desk and throw the harpoon into him. One of the guys brought up a big poster. 'Asleep at the Switch,' and set it on his desk one morning. He began to go about his work as if he was nervous about it. See? I . . . I watched him . . . very, very closely. I used to sit and watch him. He'd make little mistakes, and

they'd get past him . . . little things that in the old days would have been corrected, you know, and nothing thought of it. It wasn't that way now. He'd come up all sick and moist . . . he'd stutter and mumble apologies. His hand would shake when he took back a piece of his copy to make the corrections. He had never been a proud man. Now his humility was sickening . . . almost degrading. Sometimes it was a little thing like an initial wrong; and the city editor would get sore over it, and yell at him the office rule about the importance of correct initials.

"I know it, Ed," he would say. "If course you do. But you're dead on your feet. What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"It went on that way for a couple of months, one thing and another, slow but sure. Out at his home he must have had trouble. He didn't look like a man who was getting pleasure out of his home. I remember every Saturday in the old days he used to bring his kids down to the office. But now he didn't any more.

"They reduced his pay to thirty a week . . . then to twenty-five. He used to rush at his stuff in a sort of frenzy; then he'd sit for an hour afterwards, going over it line by line like a book-keeper, seeing if he could find his own mistakes before anybody else caught them and called his attention to them. You know how a fellow gets, that way. He worked longer than anybody else. He got down early in the morning and stayed at it all day and half the night . . . He didn't sleep any more. I used to sit and watch him." Josephson's little intricate mind went hunting for details like a ferret.

"But collectors came to the office, looking for him—a thing they'd never done before. He had always kept his accounts as straight as a pin. I imagine. One day it was the insurance collector, and he came a

good many times. Finally he gave it up.

"What went on in his mind I don't know. I imagine it finally got so it was just a general sort of bewilderment—newspaper work all mixed up with wife and kids and bills and mistakes and his sick stomach. If he'd only been a drinking man, like me, it might have been different! But he wasn't. Instead, he'd take half-days off for long walks in the open air. When he'd ask for these, Flanagan would say: 'Oh, yes, go ahead. I don't make much difference anyway, I suppose; Josephson or Gray can do your work, is there any?' And Ward would mumble something to himself and smile in a sort of sickly fashion.

"One day one of the boys came in and said something around the office about seeing Ward's wife 'demonstrating' a new tea in a department store. Thank God, nobody told Ward about our knowing it! I—I looked her up . . . some time afterward . . . and found her working in a laundry. Yes, at a mangle in a laundry, two years ago. Lemme see . . . where was I? Oh, yes!

"His eyes got so they used to stare and stare and stare. They weren't drowsy any more. He would sit and stare at a piece of blank copy-paper by the hour as if it was something absolutely new and . . . and abnormal. The one thing, I imagine, that kept him going about his work was a kind of avenging frenzy of . . . fear. Fear that he would make mistakes. Fear that his editors would jump onto them before he did. Fear that his nerve was broken. Fear, by God, that he himself was . . . afraid!"

"That went on nine months. See? Nine months. One night this time Ward stepped over to Flanagan's desk and said in an ordinary way: 'Let me have a sheet or two of paper, will you, Ed?'

"He got it and went back to his

own desk and wrote something. He folded it up and put it under Flanagan's paper-weight. Then he went out to the lavatory and killed himself with a revolver.

" . . . Afterwards Flanagan read the note:

"'I can't stand this. One of you fellows will know why.'"

Josephson looked at me with a certain intrepid hardness in his weak face, his one eye screwed up tight, as if after a verdict, an opinion, an expression, an exclamation. I did not move. The hot chemical electric blaze sucked away at him avidly till he moved before my eyes, impersonally, as a thing of paint. For one queer moment it seemed a monstrous impossibility that he was alive. Then he thrust his face closer and whispered:

"That happened ten years ago. See?" He affirmed with his head. "Ten years. Now . . . I'm getting so . . . as the years go by . . . thinking of Mrs. Ward in that laundry, and of Ward . . . and of what I did . . . and of what he did . . . I wonder . . . I wonder if that won't be my finish, too! Too!" He broke off, his eyes herdless of the insignificant room, ignoring me completely. His little trembling hand crept up mechanically and felt of his thin lips. He mumbled, half aloud, and all unconsciously: "I wonder . . . I wonder . . . if that won't be the way I fm-m-m-m . . ."

I sat back entranced, mesmerized, fascinated at his fate. Then I reflected, and spoke.

"Yes, it will. You're not a man—you're a baby, Josephson."

He came back to me. "I'm a baby," he repeated mechanically, pathetically. "I'm a baby. A good many of us are babies, even after we're supposed to be grown up. And what, in God's name, are you going to do with us? For us? Tell me."

## The Work of Wives

By F. M. THOMPSON

From the Outlook

A DECISION lately made in the General Sessions Court in New York City has raised the question, Are wives supported by their husbands? A man brought into court on a complaint of having abandoned his wife because, as he said, he could not support a household on his earnings of six dollars a week, was discharged by the judge, who concluded his decision with the admonition, "Let the wife go to work for her living."

It is a popular American notion that the work wives do in the household is not really work. Women so engaged are not counted in United States Labor Reports as being "in industry"; in the United States Census Reports they appear as having no occupation. The whole matter of their situation, as determined for all practical purposes, is neatly set forth by an American political economist thus:

"Only a minority of the population which inhabits the country is actually engaged in economic production. The general rule is that a laborer has a wife and family. The former is lending him material aid by cooking his food and mending his clothes, but there is no need of complicating the matter by considering her as a separate agent of production."

Let us see whether or not that which the wife produces in the home comes within the scope of economic production. What is she doing there? At a glance, we discern that

she is producing things which are actually articles of commerce—manufactured food, manufactured clothing, and that supreme work of domestic art, a poor imitation of which is marketed in hotels, lodging and boarding houses—comfort. Moreover, as buyer for the family and administrator of the family funds, she is performing services as distinctly and essentially related to the production of wealth as any similar work done by men in business houses. But this is not the full extent of the contribution she makes to the wealth of the nation. She bears children; that is to say, she produces labor.

Wives employed in the home engage in two separate and distinct forms of production—one is purely industrial in character and differs not at all from the production in which men engage; the other is the unique work of women—child-bearing, and the product is, labor. Marriage, therefore, so far from placing wives in the category of a "great majority of the population of a country who are not actually engaged in economic production," confers upon women a dual power in production; wives produce wealth the same as men do, and besides they produce the most indispensable of the requisites of wealth, labor.

It is quite true that the American wife is not regarded as a "separate agent of production," and what are the consequent conditions of her work as compared with conditions

of the labor of women wage-earners?

It has been established by law in most civilized countries that the maximum amount of time a woman shall be required to work in industry—work for wages—is sixty hours per week; in the home, the wife, because she works for nothing—or shall one say for love—may be forced to toil, day after day, all day long, far into the night, and all night if the convenience of the family shall so be served. The law requires that the shop or factory where women work for wages shall conform to certain standards of health and physical well-being; in consideration of the woman's particular physical needs, she must be provided with a seat so that she may rest properly even while at work, and any occupation deemed threatening to her life is forbidden her. The sanitary condition of the home, the wife's workshop, is a matter of no public concern; every man's home is his castle; the work done there is his personal affair; the rest of the world may mind its own business. If the wife works in the home in foul air, bending over a wash-tub all day and nursing a sick child all night, that is a family matter; science does not apply here, and here remedial legislation has no mission. By law in England and by custom in France it is decreed that a woman engaged in industry shall not return to work for one month after confinement; the wife at work in a home in the United States may be compelled to resume her accustomed labor the day after, or two or three days after, confinement, and it is to nobody's interest to prevent her. Yet the woman's body is the same; the strain upon her maternity is the same; the burden of her task may be greater in the home than if she labored in industry; and her contribution to wealth is worth money, but because of the sanctity of the home—such sanctity! such homes!—the situation of the wife's labor is ignored on

principle, no record is made of the profit and losses of her production; and if the health, happiness, and even the life of the wife go to balance the account, the assumption is that this is quite right and proper; it is a fine instance of the beautiful spirit of devotion to duty which makes wives and mothers toiling in the home so eminently fit to die and go to heaven.

In Great Britain the employment of wives in industry has lately received special attention. In the government report for the year 1906 on factories and workshops, the Principal Lady Inspector states that the employment in industry of married women is rapidly on the increase, and that, as asserted by many of the women, this is not because these women need to work (at wage-earning), but because they prefer it to housekeeping.

"Throughout the year," says the Principal Lady Inspector, "I have given special attention to the question, that the employment of married women. In nearly all the towns visited, from a quiet cathedral town to a large manufacturing city, I obtained the same information; namely, that the employment of married women is rapidly on the increase. A mother suffering from lead-poisoning, visited by me in her home, acknowledged that her husband was in good employment, that there was no need whatever for her to seek a job as was her custom at the factory, and said, 'I do not need to work, but I do not like staying at home.' Another woman, the mother of several children, whom I had visited during her absence from the factory, said, 'I would rather be at work (in the factory) a hundred times than at home; I get lost at home.' Mrs. F.—is an experienced damask weaver and earns fair wages; her husband is a casual worker; she has six children and is shortly to be confined. She frankly admitted that she preferred working in the factory to housekeeping

and the rearing of children, and that she returned to the factory as soon after confinement as possible. Mrs. M—— is employed in spinning, and her husband is in regular night work. She has had ten children, seven of whom have died; the remaining ones are aged respectively fifteen years, four years, and ten months, and she is to be confined again shortly. Her husband objects to her working, but she has just returned to the mill after an absence of eight years. In the majority of cases I have found that neglected, delicate children and dirty, ill-kept homes are the natural concomitants of the employment of married women."

Concerning the unemployment of the husband in relation to the employment in industry of the wife, the Lady Inspector says, "Much of the work formerly done by men is now done by their wives at a lower wage." Lower wages of men must therefore be enumerated with the other concomitants of the employment of wives in industry.

The United States Census Report, "Women at Work," published in 1907, shows an increase in the percentage of married women employed in American industry. The relation of this situation to infant mortality has been very distinctly traced by medical authorities in Great Britain. It is the consensus of British medical opinion that "any attempt to combine the offices of child bearer and breadwinner in one person must, of necessity, result in feeble, bottle-fed babies and premature births." It has been pointed out, moreover, by a medical officer of health in an English factory town that "the damage done cannot entirely be measured by mortality figures, for these take no account of the impaired vitality of the infants who manage to survive to swell the ranks of the degenerate."

Categorically stated, then, as determined by scientific investigation, these evils are associated with the

employment in industry of married women—the slaughter of infants, degeneracy of children, neglect of children and of the home, lower wages, unemployment of men. None of the sorrow, pain, privation, degradation, resulting from these evils do the women themselves escape by their occupation in industry, yet, in ever-increasing numbers, wives abandon work in the home for wage-earning. Why is it? What impels them, against the will of their husbands, when no actual necessity exists, to seek work in shop and factory at any price rather than stay at home? Is not the reason this:

Wives to-day realize that the situation of their work in the home is more intolerable than the worst possible consequences of their wage-earning.

Industry, at least, admits the fact of the woman's individual existence, of her individual contribution to production, of her individual right to live as well as to labor, to have her labor measured, the burden of it weighed, the product of it known, valued, priced, and paid. In the home, on the contrary, her labor is lost to sight; none of the evils of her situation there are known, her work there is not so much as credited with being work; during not one moment of the day, week and week out, year in and year out, can she exorcise consciousness from the overwhelming burden of toil, the prostrating sense of failure, the wastage of life—her own, her children's, her family's life—which her work imposes upon her. It seems perfectly reasonable, therefore, to conclude that the increasing demand of married women for occupation in industry is, in fact, a revolt of wives against the intolerable conditions of their occupation in the home.

In the United States other indications appear marking this revolt among wives. These are, in particular among women of the well

to-do class, the increasing number of divorces and the increasing tendency to race suicide. It is perfectly idle to preach against these evils, and tell women, as some good, foolish men do, that woman's place is in the home; that intermittent marriages and childless marriages are not pleasing in the sight of Heaven; that the family is the corner-stone of the nation, and therefore women should seek to make the family permanent and numerous, and love to work at home. The American woman cannot reasonably consider any duty to the family which does not properly provide for the fulfillment of her duty to herself. Before the good of the family can be urged upon her as a motive for doing, or not doing, it must be shown that the family will be good to her. Heavens may wait to welcome her into glory when, as a wife and mother in the home, she shall have worked herself to death; but the education she has received and the ideals she has been taught to revere compel her, while working in the hope of heaven, to have some hope of life, liberty, happiness, and fair wages to recompense her here below. American women are bound to crowd into men's work, and to regard matrimony as an experiment and mater-

ity as unprofitable, until the work done by wives is recognized as being work—work which has value; work which, as it is well or ill done, as it is well or ill conditioned, adds to or subtracts from the wealth of the nation. The work done by wives in the home is the last determining factor of the problem of the cost of living, and is also the first determining factor of the cost of all production. Labor itself—the numerical strength of the workers of the nation and their efficiency—depends in the beginning upon the industrial situation of wives.

Carroll D. Wright said once, "Some notion of the economic importance of the labor which wives do in the home is to be had by considering what would be the consequences to general industry if these women were 'to walk out.'" If all the women working without wages in our homes were suddenly to quit cooking, cleaning, sewing, taking care of babies, and planning to make ends meet, it would mean nothing less than a cessation of general industry. If one thinks of this situation as continuing indefinitely and including a strike against maternity, it would mean the collapse of our industrial empire and the end of the nation."

## You Have a Brain—Use It.

A Manual craft that implies no thought or ingenuity stands very low. A man who simply shovels, exercising neither skill nor intelligence, who does mere muscle-work, is at the bottom of the scale. A man that thinks how to shovel goes higher in proportion to the thought which he adds to the physical exertion.

—Henry Ward Beecher

# The HEALTH VALUE of a SUMMER VACATION



By JAMES W. BARTON, M.D.

Physical Director, University of Toronto

**D**O you need a summer vacation? Perhaps you think that you can get along just as well without one—and you may for a year or two. You can do without sufficient sleep or the requisite amount of food for a short time without perceptible harm, but a day of reckoning comes. You may find on the date of settlement that the principle of healthy, happy existence and rugged, vigorous nature has been so wasted—mortgaged—that it is doubtful if the residue is worth rescuing. Then you go through a tenacious period, sometimes lasting for months, sometimes for years—and to think it all might have been prevented if you had only known, had only thought and paused and rested! Just remember that the richest man in America, John

D. Rockefeller, has been fourteen years under the care of a physician seeking to regain health shattered in the acquiring of his immense wealth.

Health is never so precious as when we find it slipping away from us. There is a success about health the same as there is about anything else in life, which may be briefly described as knowing and doing the proper thing at the proper time—not on hour, a week, or a month after. The people, who are winning to-day, are those fighting the battle of life with all the vigor and enthusiasm of youth. They recognize the requirements of rest and recreation now, not later on.

It is interesting to note how many health resorts and sanitariums are flourishing all over America at the

present time. Thousands of dollars are being made out of their patrons, a large number of whom never would have been there if, in the mad gallop for gain, they had stopped and taken stock. How fashionable it is for an American business man to take a holiday accompanied by a couple of private secretaries, or a staff of stenographers. Who knows but that in a few years he will have to take a long vacation accompanied by a couple of doctors or, perhaps, a posse of police.

A recent issue of a leading medical journal tells of a rather remarkable cure or method of treatment for such cases which is known as "stuffing and working." This system was practiced upon two large, able-bodied men who had worked themselves to a point where there was a danger of the human machine breaking down altogether. They were only average types—not isolated examples—of over-worked, depressed, dyspeptic, neurotic beings. One manifested every inclination to talk incoherently and incessantly, while the other showed symptoms of violence and irresponsibility for his acts. They were each accompanied in their exercise and eating by two guardians. After a while there was only one guardian required, and finally the victims were sufficiently restored to be permitted to roam without an escort, but the evolution was slow and difficult. They had to walk so many miles a day, play golf, and take other vigorous forms of exercise which did not require a great deal of mental work. Between times the men were fed frequently, and thus the process was known as "stuffing and working."

For many years our neighbors to the south, in their thirst for wealth, have neglected their bodies until the play on the words is a truism—they lost their health securing wealth, and they lost their wealth securing health. This body of ours with its bone, muscle and nerve was not made to sit a desk year in and

year out, to stand behind the counter, or at the bench—nor in fact to do incessantly any of the hundred and one occupations of our civilized life. The effect of a good all-round summer vacation should be to make one feel brighter, more buoyant, and capable of further work. It is interesting to recall the men of prominence in all ages who have managed to insure health of body and vigor of mind, and firmly believe in the benefit and blessing of a holiday. We can trace the lives of such men in every period of the world's history and find that they were those that accomplished the most—the illustrious ones in the great temple of fame—biblical characters, such as David and Daniel, scholars like Socrates, Plato and Demosthenes, soldiers like Wallace, Robert Bruce, Napoleon and Moltke, writers like Shakespeare, Tennyson, Scott and Goethe, statesmen like Gladstone, Lincoln, Webster and Bismarck, preachers like Moody, Chalmers and Beecher. This list might be increased by hundreds of other names prominent in their respective spheres.

The man, who never takes a holiday, is now pointed out as a freak or a fatalist; perhaps in a few years he will be pointed to as the man who had to take a holiday. There are so many fallacies and follies regarding the method of spending a vacation that a few pointers may be valuable and timely. Take a holiday before you actually need it and do not wait until you think business may slacken so that you may be able to get away. You can generally manage to get some time in July or August as the commercial and industrial world is then at its quietest, and the tourist traffic at its liveliest. Do not take your business along with you. Leave all thought of your every-day calling, its cares and vexations behind. Cut loose all your usual connections whatever they may be, and be a youth again in spirit, thought, outlook and action.

Be sure, however, to observe some regularity especially in the matter of getting sufficient sleep, retiring at a reasonable hour, rising early, and having your meals at something like the proper time. What you want is a change of scene and air, of habit and hope, of pursuit and pastime. Of course, a man may spend his holidays right at home and reap considerable benefit, but the chances are he will secure much more relaxation if he gets away from everyday scenes and surroundings. It will place him as it were in new channels.

Years ago a great deal of hostile criticism was heard against physical culture. To-day its importance in the up-build of mankind and the nation is recognized by every educational institution in the land. I read not long since of how the president of a bond and guarantee company which insures young men's honesty on the basis of dollars alone—no higher motive or principle being involved—favored athletics. It was his belief that the very fact of a young man going in for them enabled him to withstand temptation, gave him greater moral fibre and mental force. Among the questions asked of all applicants, who desired guarantee policies was "Did you go to college?" An affirmative or negative reply did not count materially one way or the other; but, in the case of the youth who attended college another query was put: "Did you go in for athletics during your course?" If he did, that tilted in his favor, for it was the experience of the company that all men, who had undergone physical development and discipline, were stronger, not always in a bodily sense perhaps, but ethically. Owing to the restraint, self-denial and system which they had to practice they were not so liable to be led astray, by temptation.

In a somewhat similar sense the world is recognizing that the most

progressive business managers, the cleverest professional men, the most aggressive and enthusiastic accountants, the ablest and most alert clerks, the shrewdest and most resourceful salesmen are those who take not only exercise, but an annual holiday. Its health value is apparent; you do not have to be told it. You can see it in the bright eye, the clear complexion, the bounding step, and the beaming smile, all of which proclaim life. A true, health-giving holiday is not a justification in the sense in which this term is sometimes employed. It is not a detour of dissipation, a period of profligacy, or an era of excesses. It should be a matter of getting away at a convenient time. The loss to business is then at a minimum, and the peace of mind resulting from this fact is a tonic in itself as one does not feel that the sacrifice is too great, or that the pleasure is purchased at too much personal outlay. You cannot mix business and holidays any more than you can oil and water. Therefore, I would advise you that all business matters, telegrams, balance sheets, monthly statements, and cash receipts, be left at home.

To my mind the most suitable time for an outing is the latter part of July. By taking it earlier you may have to come back to the city at the very hottest season. By taking it later you may be too fagged out by the extreme heat to enjoy a vacation. During July and August business is generally quiet, and therefore the monetary loss is less than at any other time. There may be some exceptions to this rule, due to the nature of individual employment and I can lay down only a few general principles. The question naturally arises, where should one go to enjoy a complete respite from labor. This query affords many answers. My advice is to select a quiet spot with only two or three mails a week and several miles from a telegraph station, beside running

water, or in the country, if you want complete, quiet, refreshing rest.

Ideas as to what constitutes a holiday materially differ, and it is well to remember that what is one man's occupation is another man's relaxation. Evidences of the truth of this old saying may be found on all sides. What may constitute a beneficial and thoroughly enjoyable pastime on your part may be nothing but a dull, dreary, unhealthy proceeding to your neighbor or your associate. The most concise and readily understood definition of a holiday is a change. An old saw has remarked that a "change is as good as a rest," a meaning that is not far astray. A holiday may be translated into action in various ways—a visit to friends, a few days spent at your old home or in camp along the banks of a limpid stream, or on the shores of some picturesque lake, a trip to the country, a few days' stay in another city, a flight to a new district, a long cruise upon the water, a motoring tour, a bicycle journey, etc. It does not matter whether it is paddling a canoe, rowing a boat, hunting in the wild wood, working on a farm, cultivating a flower garden, digging in the soil, prospecting, building a hen house, sawing wood, or breaking stone. In some of these, certain individuals have found enjoyment and diversion—a true holiday, and always will. There are many excellent ways of profitably passing a few days' release from our ordinary every-day vocation. Individual ideas of a beneficial and joyous outing differ—always will differ as widely as the poles. Just as our respective tastes vary, just as our means of making a living are diverse, so are our habits, dress, con-

versation and pastimes. What may bring pleasure to one is irksome to another. What will afford unbounded happiness to many may prove a listless and monotonous undertaking to others. No specific regulations can, therefore, be laid down.

The question of how long to stay must be settled by the individual. A month should renew a man completely, two weeks revive him, and even ten days fit him to start the business wheels again.

Many suggestions are promiscuously thrown out by health advisers as to what to do during vacation. What not to do seems to be more in order. Therefore, I will mention a few things not to do. In the first place, "don't" take your business with you. Before you start make a resolution that you are "quit" of business until you return. Don't take those papers along, that you think you could work out better whilst lying around on a long summer day. You must remember that your mind is to have a complete rest or change, and that for the time being you are simply an animal, that is, you are to eat, sleep and exercise. Make this resolution, and so arrange matters that your resolution may not be easily broken. It may be well, therefore, to avoid the place where there are six meals a day.

After all, the keynote, as I said before, is to live the "boy life" again. Eat heartily as does the boy, but move around as he does also. Endeavor to live the "boy life" as nearly as possible, in my simple message relating to the health value of a summer vacation. Let your motto be: "Backward, turn backward, oh Time in thy flight. Make me a boy again, just for 'my vacation.'"



## The Tin Box

By JOHN BARTON OXFORD

From the Blue Book.

THE rocking hansom swung the corner from the avenue, rolled along a shabby little cross street and turned finally into one of the narrow, crooked thoroughfares close to the waterfront. It pulled up at length before a decidedly unattractive house, and the man who sat grimly on the cushions pushed open the apron and alighted.

"I'll be down in a few minutes," he called to the cabby, as he mounted the steps and gave the bell a vigorous ring.

The door was opened by a frowzy woman, who surveyed the man on the stoop with more or less suspicion. He was a tall, well-built man, broad shouldered, clean shaven, and apparently in the early thirties. His clothes were faultless in cut and texture. His gray eyes were clear and steady. Obviously he was not the sort of man who generally rang the bell of this particular house.

"Well?" said the frowzy woman, the suspicion in her own shifty eyes growing momentarily more pronounced.

"I'm looking for a party named—"

"The man on the stoop drew a bit of paper from his pocket and glanced at the scribbled lines upon it.

"A party named Shannon?" he finished. "I'll find him here, won't I?"

"No," said the woman shortly. "He's moved."

The other elevated his eyebrows. "Aren't you mistaken?" he asked politely. "You see, Dan Ryan sent me."

Immediately the woman's expression changed. She grinned, nodded her head, and opened the door wide. "Three flights, back," she instructed, and forthwith shuffled away down the gloomy hall.

The man mounted the three flights of creaking stairs, paused before the door of the back room, and tapped smartly upon it.

"Come in!" a gruff voice on the other side commanded.

He pushed open the door and entered a large bare room, which was filled with a blue haze of tobacco-smoke. Opposite the door, through which he entered, was a wide bed, and stretched upon it in all the luxury of shirt sleeves, collarless neck, and shoeless feet, was a big freckled faced young man, with a mop of fiery red hair above his watery blue eyes. Beside him was a pile of newspapers and between his lips a cigar sent out its clouds of smoke.

The man on the bed made no motion to rise. He surveyed his visitor with a cold and more too cordial scrutiny.

"This is Mr. Shannon, I take it," said the newcomer.

"That's not," the other replied tersely.

"Ryan sent me—Dan Ryan, you know."

"I'm-huh?"

"I have need of a man in your

profession," said the visitor with a slow smile, "and Ryan suggested you. Now then, how are you fixed for time? Anything particular on for to-night?"

Mr. Shannon grunted and shook his head.

"Then perhaps you can find time to do a little job for me," the other suggested.

"Maybe," said Shannon cautiously. "What is there in it?"

"I'll tell you what I want you to do and let you set your price," was the answer. "I shall want you to go with me this evening to a certain house out on Claverly Road, and get for me a little tin box—just an ordinary strong-box, black japanned tin, handle on top and two yellow stripes running around the lid. You know the kind; you couldn't possibly mistake it."

Mr. Shannon nodded.

"I'm not positively certain as to just where it is," his informer went on, "but I can make a mighty good guess at the place. In all probability you'll find it in a little old fashioned safe set under the shelves in a china-closet, just at the left of the side-board in the dining-room. It is a woefully old fashioned safe," he added. "I'm quite sure it will give you no trouble at all. Now then, what will it be worth to you to get that tin box for me?"

Mr. Shannon meditated for a moment. He took a fresh cigar from the box beside him and lighted it from the glowing one he had just finished.

"A hundred plunks," he decided at last. "Fifty now, the other fifty when I turn over the box to you. And if it aint where you say, or there's any trouble—a holler from the folks in the house or anything of that kind—the fifty already paid is mine just the same."

"That's all right," the broad-shouldered man agreed.

He drew a roll of bills from his pocket and stripped off several of them.

"Here's the first fifty. We better go out there about eleven. I'll meet you in a motor in front of the Day Building in Jefferson Square. That all right? Good! Don't fail me, will you?"

"I'll be there at eleven," said Shannon. "So long!"

He picked up one of the papers, and arranging the pillows more comfortably under his head, resumed his reading.

At five minutes of eleven that evening, he stood on the curb before the Day Building, his hands in his pockets and a cap pulled low over his eyes, watching the stream of traffic on the glistening pavements. A drizzling rain was falling, and the biting wind which whistled sharply about the neighboring corner, made him turn up his overcoat collar and tap his feet on the curbing for warmth.

Presently, from the long line of passing vehicles two lights swung in his direction. A low rakish road-car shot up to the curb and the man at the steering-wheel craned forward to peer into Shannon's face.

"On time, I see," said the familiar voice of his caller of the afternoon. "All ready?"

"Sure," said Shannon, climbing in to the car.

They sped away from the square, headed up the avenue, and were soon making good speed to the north. Shannon sat huddled silently, his hands in his pockets, and his head lowered to the driving mist. The man beside him, too, was silent. No word passed between them until they reached Claverly Road with its row of imposing houses each set in its ample expanse of well-kept grounds.

Presently they stopped before one of the houses, and the man at the steering-wheel alighted.

"This it?" Shannon asked, climbing stiffly from the car.

"No, fourth house down," the other replied. "I left the car here be-

"cause it's dark under these trees Come on."

He led the way down the road, turned into a gateway flanked on either side by tall stone posts, and made his way up a winding drive. Between the trees Shannon could see a big, rambling house looming dimly. They kept to the drive until they were close to the house. Not a light showed in any of the windows.

Shannon's companion drew him into a clump of syringa bushes on the lawn.

"I'm going to wait for you here," he whispered. "It won't take you but a few minutes at the most. Open the third basement window on the back. That will bring you into the lower hall. Then go up the stairs and you'll find two doors on your right. Take the second of them. It opens into the dining-room. You know about the rest of it. Safe's in the closet at the left of the side-board. Open it and bring back that tin box. Go ahead, now."

Shannon kicked off his shoes and replaced them with a pair of slippers he drew from his coat-pocket. Then he slipped like a wraith through the mist to the back of the house, found the third window, and in the twinkling of an eye had it open and was crawling cautiously through it. He pulled the little electric-lantern from his pocket, took a swift survey of the place, and noiselessly ascended the stairs. Another quick blink of the lantern and he had opened the second door and was in the dining-room.

There was the sideboard, and to the left the little china-closet. He opened the door and saw beneath the lower shelf a little old safe—the sort of safe the veriest tyro might open without trouble.

He sank to his knees and pulled a bit of steel from his hip-pocket. In a trice the knob of the lock was off and Shannon with his finger was clicking the falls. It was child's play to him. He grinned to him-

self as he thought of the man out there in the bushes. A hundred for a job like this was like robbing a blind man. Had the man outside but known it, Shannon would have gladly done a job of this kind for a quarter of what he was getting.

Silently he swung open the door of the antiquated safe. The whole thing had taken less than five minutes. Once more the lantern winked briefly. Sure enough! There within the safe was the tin strong box. He lifted it out and arose from his knees.

And then suddenly the room glowed with light. Shannon sprang up, blinking and sputtering inarticulate oaths. For a moment the flood of light blinded him, but in another moment he saw, standing by the table and surveying him with steady eyes, a young woman in a blue bath-wrap.

She was a very beautiful woman, tall, willowy, with great dark eyes, in whose depths was no hint of fear. Indeed, her beauty—the satin smoothness of her skin, the soft waviness of her loosened hair, the roundness of her superb throat—filled him with a vague shame, like some potent accusation. His hand which had intuitively gone to the gun in his right coat-pocket, was suddenly withdrawn empty. He stood there with the tin box in his fingers, staring, motionless.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded in a low, cool voice.

Shannon said nothing, but over his pulpy features stole a sickly, apologetic grin.

"Put down that box you have," she went on. "You are making a mistake in taking it. It is of no earthly good to you."

Shannon looked down stupidly at the box. Then he remembered that box was worth fifty dollars to him.

"Say, don't make no holler," he advised, his heavy brows drawing together ominously. "Don't try to put up no squeal."

"I'm not foolish enough to attempt

to make any outcry," she said in the same guarded voice. "You may take anything else you find and I won't say a word. Only—only—there was a choking sound in the low tones. "leave that box. It is nothing to you. You don't want it."

"Maybe I do, at that," Shannon growled.

"Open it and see" she demanded. Shannon merely stared.

"Open the box and see what's in it. Then tell me if you want it," she persisted.

A sudden curiosity as to just what the box contained took possession of him. Moreover, through his mind flashed the sudden suspicion that it might be more valuable than he thought; that this woman was taking a desperate chance with him; that the man out there in the bushes had put him up to a big job, after all.

The woman was quick to note his hesitation.

"Here's the key," she said, tossing it across the table to him.

Shannon slipped it into the lock and jerked open the cover. Within was a pair of tiny, much worn shoes, a rattle, an ivory ring, and two bits of pail blue ribbon.

"Surely you don't want those—not those," the woman was saying in the same choking voice.

Shannon grimly locked the box and stuffed it under his arm. For the first time fear came into the woman's eyes.

"Listen," she almost sobbed, "I have money—a lot of it—here in the house, but you could never find it. I'll give you the money gladly—all of it, if you'll leave the box. Or you can have more to-morrow—"

Even men of Shannon's type have their code of ethics, however warped and distorted these may be. To break faith with a pal was perhaps the most heinous offense in Shannon's particular private code. It was something he prided himself he had

never done; and the man out there in the bushes was a pal for the time being. Shannon had accepted his money and pledged his word in this thing.

"Soorry, Ma'am," said he, "but—"

"You don't mean you still want it, after you know what's in it?" she said breathlessly.

"Uh, huh," he grunted tersely, and like a flash he had jumped to the French window on the other side of the room.

The wonder of it all to Shannon was that the woman did not scream. There was a quick catch of her breath, a smothered, broken and wholly from Shannon's point of view—ineffectual cry, and she, too, sped to the window, just as Shannon pulled it open, leaped out on the wide verandah, vaulted the rail, and sped down the drive. Behind him the patter of footsteps told him of the pursuit.

He neared the syringa bushes, running hard and panting.

"Come on," he gurgled. "The house is up. They're after me. Cut for it."

The other man jumped from the bushes.

"Bungled it, eh?" he growled. "What's this?"

He had caught sight of the woman in the bath-wrap running down the drive. He caught Shannon by the arm in a grip that made that gentleman wince, and calmly faced the breathless woman.

"Mary?" he said simply.

The woman stopped short. Her hand went to her throat. Her breath was coming hard. She came a step nearer and scanned his face in the darkness.

"You!" she cried in unbelief. "You! Then—then—you were behind it all?"

"Yes," he said.

"Why?" she panted. "Why?"

"This is no place for explanations, he said coldly. "It is rain-



ing, and this ground is sogging wet. You shouldn't be here in slippers and a bath wrap—go back to the house."

"Not—not without—"

"The man wheeled on Shannon. "Bring along the box," he commanded.

Shannon, thoroughly mystified, followed the silent pair to the house. They mounted the verandah, and stepped through the French window into the big dining-room, where the lights still burned brightly.

The woman stood by the table, very cold and straight, but her lips quivered now and then, despite her evident efforts to control them. Opposite her, grim, white faced, stood the broad-shouldered man, while Shannon, with the tin box in his clutches, leaned against the French window, and stared in perplexity.

"You are not going to take it now, are you?" the woman said at length, and despite all her outward calm, her voice trembled in anxiety.

"No," he replied. "Put the box on the table," he added to Shannon.

"What—what does it mean, anyway?" she demanded. "Why should you attempt this?"

The man did not reply at once. He stood for a moment looking at her frowningly.

"I have been living in London since—since we separated," he said at last. "It was there that I heard about the boy—that he was dead. I wanted—something of his—some little thing associated with—with those days."

"Why didn't you ask for it then?" she said haltingly.

"Perhaps you'll be good enough to remember that all my letters have been returned to me unopened—even since he died," said he bitterly.

"As I say, I wanted something of his. I didn't suppose you'd let me have it if I asked—not after all that has happened. I came over here from London for just this pur-

pose—to get it—somehow, anyhow, at any cost. I shouldn't have kept them all—just a rattle, perhaps, or one of the shoes. I should have sent back the rest."

"I—I didn't know you felt that way," she said. "I didn't suppose you knew or cared. I—I thought we had both gone out of life—he and I. I—I was sure that to you it was as if I had never been—nor he either."

He was still standing very stiffly erect, and he was still frowning.

"May I have one of those things now—just one?" he asked rather huskily.

"You may have them all—all," she said, "and then suddenly she sank sank into a chair, and burying her arms began to sob like a child.

For a minute or two the man stood motionless. Then he turned almost fiercely to Shannon.

"You bungled it," he said, "and I'm glad you did."

His hand went into his pocket and came out with a roll of bills.

"Here, take this," he went on, thrusting the roll into the astounded Shannon's hand. "Whatever there is over the fifty is yours, too. You earned it by bungling. Now go."

He glanced at the woman's shaking shoulders and a great light was in his eyes.

"And for God's sake, go quickly, will you?"

Shannon with the bills in his hand, slipped through the French window once more. On the verandah outside, he turned to look back. The man had opened the tin box and spread its sorry contents on the table. Moreover, he had knelt beside the woman and her head was buried on his shoulder.

Shannon paused only long enough to light a cigarette and then thoughtfully effaced himself in the shrouding, dripping mist.

## An Indian Warrior's Tomb

By C. G. COULSON

VISITORS to the City of Brantford find no more interesting or historic spot in that city than the old Mohawk chapel, erected in 1785, and the tomb of Captain Joseph Brant, the renowned chief of the Six Nation Indians, whose remains, along with those of his son, Captain John Brant, are interred in the cemetery surrounding the ancient church. Recently Mr. Bowley, a prominent resident and former Mayor of Brantford, received a letter from Dr. G. H. McMichael, of Buffalo, conveying the startling information that the tomb of Brant had been rifled and that there had come into his possession the skull, one femur and the pelvis of the illustrious warrior. The medical man from Buffalo offered to restore the bones to the city.

The residents of Brantford, which was so named in honor of Captain Joseph Brant, were greatly surprised at the news of the alleged robbery. The report caused considerable alarm not only in that centre but throughout Ontario. Dr. Ashton, who is President of the Mohawk Institute, and other Brantford authorities, who have closely followed the controversy, declare that the sensational rumor is a pure falsehood. Dr. Ashton says that the tomb was alleged to have been opened many years ago by a party of ghoulish young men and that one of them, Dr. Healy, who subsequently went West and died, had carried away the skull, and other parts of the skeleton. These were handed to a friend with the request that they be placed again in the tomb. Accord-

ing to the story, the skull, one femur, and the pelvis finally came into the possession of Dr. McMichael, who offered to return them to the city. A plaster cast of the Brant skull, which is exactly like the original one in the vault, is the property of Dr. Ashton and he has declined to accept the proffered skull, the original being, he declares, in the vault.

Brantford has several times been agitated by reports that the remains of Chief Brant have been stolen from the tomb at Mohawk church. A few years ago the vault was broken into but a careful inspection and investigation the following morning showed that the two skulls were left intact. The tomb was sealed and has not been tampered with since.

Captain Joseph Brant—(Thayendaneja) was a Mohawk of pure blood. In the American rebellion he influenced several cantons of the Iroquois to join the British standard and, at the close of the war, he removed to Canada, procuring for the Six Nation Indians the land grant known as the Mohawk Reserve. Brant died in 1807 and was buried at the Mohawk church as was also his son and successor. The mounds that marked the last resting place of these valiant fighters were being neglected and time was fast obliterating the graves when a few interested friends of the Indians, together with some leading spirits of the Six Nations, resolved to have the remains of both chiefs re-interred in one common vault. This was done on November 27th, 1850. The inscription on the tomb reads:

"This tomb is erected to the Mem-



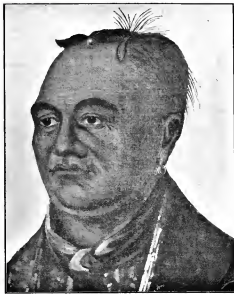
MOHAWK CHURCH, NEAR BRANTFORD

This is the oldest Protestant Church in Canada and the first sacred edifice built in Ontario. It is in the cemetery surrounding the church that the remains of Chief Brant are buried. A tablet in the building bears the inscription, "St. Paul's His Mission to the Mohawks. Erected by King George III, 1788."

ogy of Thayendanege, Captain Joseph Brant, principal warrior and Chief of the Six Nation Indians, in his fellow subjects, admirers of his fidelity and attachment to the British Crown. Born on the banks of the Ohio River, 1742. Died at Wellington Square, U.C., 1807. It also contains the remains of his son, Ah-yon-waeghs, or

Captain John Brant, who succeeded his father, as Tekashagea, and distinguished himself in the war of 1812-15. Born at Mohawk Village, U.C., 1794. Died at the same place, 1832.

In Victoria Park, Brantford, there stands Brant's monument which was erected in 1886 as a tribute to his



CAPTAIN JOSEPH BRANT

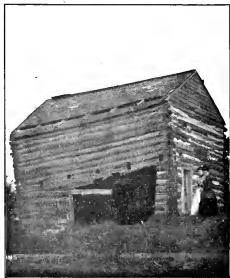
The famous Mohawk chief, whose remains, along with those of his son, are interred in Brant's tomb at the Mohawk Church, a short distance from Brantford.

memory. The imposing memorial was built by national and private subscription, the Imperial Government giving the bronze cannon from which the splendid statutory was cast. The monument was designed by Percy Wood, of London, England, and the corner stone was laid by Chief Henry Clinch. The total height is 27 feet, and the height of Brant's statue is nine feet.

The Six Nation Indians are composed of the Mohawks, Senecas, Cayugas, Oneidas, Tuscaroras and Delawareas, while the Onondagas are "fire keepers" in the council which meets at intervals at Ohsaweken, which is the "capital" of the Reserve since the removal of the council chamber from Middleport in 1863. In the original federation difficulty was experienced

by the promoters of the union in securing the co-operation of the Onondagas and as an inducement to their entry they were accorded special privileges in the governing body. They were constituted the "fire-keepers," which in the early days was a most important post, as on them devolved the duty of summoning the council by lighting the traditional camp fire, and of maintaining the same during the ensuing

session. In time the right became theirs to summon or disband the council at will. If they desired to convene the body they ignited the fires or if it was their wish to curb discussion during a council of war they merely permitted the embers to die out. While no longer fire-keepers in the original sense, the Onondagas still have wide powers in the council.



AN INDIAN COUNCIL HOUSE

The first Council House of the Six Nations Indians

## The Regeneration of Palestine

By ALBERT M. HYAMSON.

From the International.

THE population of Jerusalem is now estimated at 80,000, about two-thirds of whom live outside the walls in a new city, the oldest house in which does not date back more than a quarter of a century. So rapid is the growth of the city that visitors who were previously in the country only a couple of years ago are astonished at the vast changes that have taken place in the interval. Jaffa, whose name (Beautiful) well describes the aspect of the district, is extending at a similar rate, and a city of white domes is rapidly giving place to one of red French tiles. The imports of Petroleum are also increasing to a very considerable extent. This fuel is largely used for the working of agricultural engines, as well as for lighting purposes. The imports of petroleum include apparently no waste product. The empty tins are being used by the natives throughout the land as substitutes for pithers, and it is to be feared that the romantic pictures of dusky maidens of sublime gracefulness returning from the wells with pithers poised upon their heads are doomed to disappearance. These tins, as well as the wooden boxes in which they reach the country, also serve another purpose in Palestine. The "Box Colony" on the outskirts of Jerusalem, inhabited by Yemenite and Kurdish Jews steeped in the direst poverty, has earned its designation from the materials out of which the

hovels are constructed—petroleum tins and boxes. I understand that since my visit an outbreak of fire has deprived the inhabitants of even these primitive shelters.

The principal exports from Jaffa are oranges, soap, sesame and wines. The value of the respective articles has risen to the following extent in the period of 1900-1907. Oranges, £74,415 to £179,000; soap, £44,550 to £88,870; sesame, £30,300 to £47,300, and wines £21,850 to £33,850. This, however, is by no means the full measure of the increase in production, for the rapid increase in population has of course led to an enhanced home consumption of produce that would otherwise have been exported. In these comparisons the unfavorable harvest of 1907 should also be taken into account.

In 1906 Gaza exported barley to the value of £180,000 and wheat to that of £160,000, all grown within the district. The cultivation of the orange is growing at a remarkable rate. In 1897 200,000 cases were exported; last year the number was 630,000, and the total is expected to reach a million within a few years. The success of viticulture has fallen short of expectation. The produce was quite satisfactory—Palestine wine gained a gold medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1900—but the wine market appears to be fully supplied and the sales rendered the culture hardly profitable. As a conse-

quence, a large extent of land hitherto devoted to vineyards is being given over to the cultivation of oranges, almonds, and other fruit trees. Experiments, which have shown considerable success, have also, during the last few months, been made in the cultivation of cotton, and the export of this plant should become considerable within a few years. Other recent experiments in the growing of tobacco, geraniums (for the extraction of oil), potatoes, eucalyptus, peas, beans and oats, have in the great majority of cases been successful, while an attempt at ostrich farming made a year ago has survived the winter with success. One of the latest Quarterly Statements of the Palestine Exploration Fund contains an announcement that may be fraught with much influence on the agricultural future of the country. Wild wheat has again been found in Palestine. On this discovery Mr. Macalister says, "The importance of this discovery is two-fold. If the newly-found plant be the original stock from which cultivated wheat was artificially developed, then the origin of wheat culture must be looked for, not in a rich alluvial basin like Mesopotamia or Egypt, but in some stony country, for there alone the original plant seems to grow. On the rich soils of the plains and valleys of Palestine the plant appears to be absolutely unknown, though common enough in the more uninviting regions, where it is always found associated with wild barley (*Hordeum spontaneum*). This is evidently a fact of far-reaching archaeological importance. Secondly, there is of course a practical side to the discovery, for given the original material from which the primeval agriculturists developed the wheat plant it may be expected that with modern scientific methods of culture yet greater results might be attained

in developing the material than have been attained hitherto."

Grain has, of course, always been produced, the principal wheat-growing district being the Hauran, east of the Jordan. Hauran wheat is considered among the best in the world, and when the primitive methods of cultivation and milling still in force among the natives are replaced by others more scientific the Hauran wheat will doubtless be accorded the recognition it deserves.

Within the last quarter of a century a large number of Jewish agricultural colonies have been established in Palestine, and despite the many difficulties with which they had to contend, not the least being the unsuitability for agricultural life of a large proportion of the pioneers, they are to-day, with hardly an exception, self-supporting and flourishing. The best proof of their success is the establishment, so far as the Government will permit, of additional colonies. German colonies have been established still longer, and their success is, if anything, greater. A visit to the German colony in Jaffa or Haifa, for instance, arouses envy on the part of those who are confined by circumstances to a town life in England. The Jewish colonies are in many instances practically autonomous republics paying tribute, in the form of a communal tax, to the Turkish Government. They are governed by an elected committee with whom the administration of justice rests, and so thoroughly have these committees earned the public confidence that it often happens that disputes between Arabs unconnected with the colony are brought before the nearest administrative committee for adjudication. The prosperity of these colonies naturally varies, but the average is very far above the poverty line, and few, if any, of the settlers are to be found who look back with longing

to the flesh-pots of Egypt—the conditions in Europe from which they have severed themselves. The agricultural conditions of these colonies is in every way satisfactory, and other industries are already beginning to be established among them. At Rishon le Zion, near Jaffa, wool washing is being undertaken. A partner in a large Russian firm of manufacturers has settled in the colony. The wool, after having been washed, is exported to Russia, where it is worked up by his partner. The manufactured goods are then exported to Palestine and Syria, and a fair profit is made on the series of transactions. In the course of the present year the firm proposes to establish a weaving factory in Rishon itself, and the wool will then be turned into manufactured goods on the spot. At the Rosh Pinah Colony, near Safed, silk, produced on a large scale in Northern Palestine, is turned into silk floss and exported to France.

At Zichron Yaacob, another of the colonies, on the hills close to Caesarea and Haifa, a mutual credit bank has been established. Agricultural laborers are encouraged to acquire holdings of their own, for which they pay by instalments, and thus without the assistance of legislation peasant proprietors are rising among the recent Jewish settlers on the soil of Palestine. In the towns also industries are springing up. Oil refineries and soap factories have been established at Ramleh and Haifa. A machine factory has been established in Jaffa, and in other parts are to be seen the beginnings of spinning, weaving, dyeing and ceramic industries, and of fruit preserving. Religious objects—Jewish and Christian—have for a long time been manufactured on a considerable scale. Home industries, such as knitting, have been introduced into the colonies as well as Jerusalem. Waterproof cloaks are also made for

the wear of the peasants. There are many other industries—milling, perfumery, furniture, bookbinds, soda-water, etc.—conducted at present on a small scale. The Turkish policy of levying a duty in other provinces of the Empire on articles exported from Palestine — only recently changed—hampered very considerably the industrial growth of the country. At Jaffa a Cabinet-makers' Association has been formed.

The mineral wealth of Palestine has hitherto been entirely neglected. There can be no doubt, however, that it exists. This was recognized by the Government even before the recent change of policy, and more than a year ago a scientific commission was dispatched by the Sultan in order to investigate the mineral resources. The Hedjaz Railway runs the whole length of the country beyond the Jordan. It connects at Derat with a line to Haifa, a port beautifully situated at the foot of Mount Carmel. The French line from Jaffa to Jerusalem is sufficiently successful to show in 1907 a profit of over 210 per cent, on the year's total expenditure. The roads are, however, in many cases very primitive, and, granted a settled Government, the greatest needs of the country are communications and irrigation. That neither desideratum is quite unattainable will be seen from the following extract from a letter written by the new Governor of Jerusalem shortly after his appointment—

"I shall endeavor to pave the way and direct to completion, means of encouraging commerce, of developing agriculture, of assuring the well-being of all citizens. I shall endeavor to extend or to create means of communication, to irrigate the land, to assure the safety of property, to ameliorate the situation of towns and villages, to create new schools to assure the execution of justice, to extend liberty and equality to all

citizens without exception. The above is my programme.

"In the following statement I render an account of my first week in Jerusalem. I have listened to and examined all complaints and all petitions presented to me, and have in each case given such decisions as are conformable to the laws. I have formed, under the presidency of Lieutenant-Colonel Noury Bey, Director of the Imperial Demesnes, a Commission composed of competent persons, whose duty it will be to investigate the agricultural needs of the province and to submit to me a report of the result of their investigations. I convened a meeting of merchants, with the object of creating a Chamber of Commerce which can serve as a consulting body, but acting on the suggestion of the Israelites, who begged to be excused from attending on account of their festivals then beginning, I have postponed the establishment of this Chamber of Commerce till next week. Being assured of the extreme need of water for the town I have confided to an energetic man the consideration of a project to bring into Jerusalem the waters of the spring Arrouh, and also the forma-

tion of a company which is to procure the capital necessary for the work. I have placed myself in communication with the Jaffa-Jerusalem Railway Company, and have asked them to consider the question of a junction of their railroad with the Haifa Damascus line, and am endeavoring to promote, by the construction of other railway lines, the easy and free access to all parts of the country of travelers arriving at Jaffa and Jerusalem. In conclusion, I have charged the municipality with the earnest consideration of the speedy sanitary canalization of the town."

Even as it is, Palestine is rapidly becoming a favorite tourist resort. With the introduction of improvements the characteristics of the people and the land will rapidly change. The existing universal picturesqueness will soon submit to demands of utilitarianism, and those who delay their projected visit may find when they arrive in Palestine in a few years' time that, as in Algeria and Egypt, the Orientalism of all the ages has been driven out by the pressure of the modern Occident.

## Begin It

Loose this day idling, 'twill be the same story  
To-morrow, and the next more dilatory.  
True idleness bring its own delays.  
And days are lost, loitering, over days.  
Are you in earnest? Seize the very minute  
What you can do, or think you can, begin it  
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it  
Only begin it, and the mind grows heated.  
Begin it, and the work will be completed

—Goethe

## Some of Swinburne's Oddities

Westminster Gazette.

OF all the quotations from Swinburne's own poems that have been used since the poet's death the most popular have been the beautiful lines from "The Garden of Proserpine":

From too much love of living,  
From hope and fear set free,  
We thank with loveliest thanksgiving  
Whatever gods may be,  
That no life lives for ever,  
That dead men rise up never,  
That even the wisest sinner  
Winds somewhere safe to rest.

To those who knew Swinburne during the last few years, who saw him occasionally, and watched him taking his daily walk up Putney Hill, along the Heath, and across Wimbledon Common, the quotation does not appear as happy as it seems at first sight. It is true he was seventy-two, the golden red of his hair and beard had lately turned to a silvery white, and his walk was not as light and his figure not as slight as they were a very few years ago. Also, his deafness had increased with age, and was worse than an inconvenience. But for the rest there was surely never a man to whom the simile of the weary river winding "somewhere" to the sea was less applicable.

He looked stolid enough, in all conscience, as he strolled along, a curiously old-fashioned figure, in that soft, cone-shaped, wide-brimmed felt hat, grey in summer and black in winter; in the cutaway

coat that seemed too tight, and the boots showing their elastic sides to well above the ankle. There was something in his attitude and his walk which reminded one of the tin-soldier of the toy box, but of old age there was not a sign in that erect and almost too straight-backed little figure. He spoke to no one, and his eye never met that of any chance passer-by. Everyone in the Putney-Wimbledon district knew him by sight; everyone, from the butcher boy on his cart to the horse-man and the golfer on the Heath, glanced at him as he passed, and I have again and again seen fair ladies do their utmost to attract his attention. But he remained aloof, absorbed, and seemed entirely unconscious of the presence of any human being.

But if you ever had the chance of seeing him on some sunny morning when the gorse on Wimbledon Common had burst into its first golden, fragrant bloom, and when the air thrilled and throbbled with the song of larks, while all around under the wide, luminous sky the silence was unbroken, then you would see a wonderful light spring into the large grave eyes, and a look of intense delight that looked strangely, beautifully young in the face set in its frame of white hair. He would stand still for minutes together, his eyes on the billows of clear yellow blossoms, or, in autumn, watching the swallows dart in and out of the pale mists floating above the purple stretches of heather.

And there was another sight dur-

ing this walk (which was taken with utmost regularity and often in the rain, without umbrella or any other protection than perhaps an upturned coat collar) that would always not only lighten up but almost transfigure Swinburne's face. Whenever he met a perambulator or a band of small children in charge of a nurse, the far-away look in his eyes would give way to an expression of a rather pathetic, wistful interest: his rapid walk would slacken, and he would hesitate as if on the point of speaking to this child or that. Years ago, before he was seriously inconvenienced by his deafness, he would, indeed, often stop and ask questions of a nurse concerning a particular attractive baby, and politely ask permission to touch a little hand or try to bring a smile into a little face.

Those were the days when, almost as regularly as he turned into the private bar of the Old Rose and Crown Inn, on the edge of Wimbledon Common, where the landlord in variably put before him a small bottle of ale, leaving the opening of it by request to his queer, silent customer. Swinburne walked further along Wimbledon High Street into a baker's shop, out of which he came with side-pockets bulging in extraordinary fashion. He had bought biscuits by the pound, all weighed out in small quantities, which on his way back to Putney, he distributed among such of the children as were not above accepting good things from strangers. They ran towards him when they saw him coming, these enterprising archness: they got to know his name, and he, the shyest and most unsociable of men with the grown-up who sometimes, but always unsuccessfully, tried to make advances to the poet on his walk, made the most of his young patrons' society, and finally escaped with a smiling face.

To the very last Swinburne's ob-

vious delight in the children continued, and to those who have seen him recently, tramping steadily towards Wimbledon, his eyes unseeing till he came upon a child, his poems of children come to mind before any other of his songs, for he might have written them this very spring unless the rapture in his eyes as he looked at a child belied his feelings. And somehow the "Eude Realiste" and all the other poems of childhood in the "Century of Roundels" seem to represent, far better than the idea of the "weary river," the man who only the other day marched sturdily across the wind-swept suburban common, a lonely, unimportant-looking figure, with a face of stolid indifference, until the light of enthusiasm and inspiration flashed into it at the sight of a little child, and you saw the poet who wrote:

A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink,

Might tempt, should heaven see meet,

An angel's lips to kiss, we think,

A baby's feet

Like rose-buds sea-flowers toward the  
beach

Their stretch and spread and wink  
Their ten soft buds that part and meet,

No flower-bells that expand and shrink  
Gleam half so heavenly sweet.

As shoes on life's untrodden brink

A baby's feet

A baby's hands, like rosebuds furled

Where yet no leaf expands,

Open yet too, though close searled,

A baby's hands

Then, fast as warriors grip their brands

When battle's hot is hurled,

They close, clench'd hard like tightening  
bands

No rosebuds yet by dawn unpearled

Match, even in loveliest lands,

The sweetest flowers in all the world—

A baby's hands.

## The Disintegration of Mr. Whitfield

By THOMAS L. MASSON

From Munsey's Magazine

MR. SIMEON WHITFIELD was a gentleman of high moral character and eminent respectability. Living in moderate circumstances, he was loved and respected by all who knew him.

One Saturday afternoon Mr. Whitfield was strolling along the street, when he paused for a moment in front of the office of a motor-car company, to admire the car he saw in the window.

It was a beautiful car. After Mr. Whitfield had enjoyed the sight long enough, he stepped to the opposite window, where another car—fully as beautiful, but somewhat smaller—was also exhibited.

"This would suit me better," murmured Mr. Whitfield to himself. "Easier to manage."

At this instant the manager of the company chanced to stroll out to the door. With an eye open for business, he saw Mr. Whitfield—well-dressed and respectable-looking—standing looking at the smaller car.

"Won't you come in," he said politely, "and look around?"

"Thank you," replied Mr. Whitfield, almost ashamed to be caught looking at the property of some one else, "I was just admiring that automobile. No intention of buying one."

"That doesn't make the slightest difference," said the manager. "I take a genuine pleasure in showing my cars to any one, no matter whether he buys or not. I think you might be interested to see the chassis."

Thus urged, and having on hand

nothing of importance, Mr. Whitfield stepped inside. In a moment the manager was explaining the simplicity of this particular car. Mr. Whitfield became absorbed in the story.

Suddenly the manager called:

"Billy, is that disintegrating car in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good!" The manager turned to Mr. Whitfield. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," he said. "I want you to take a turn in our car; then you will see what it can do. Billy, take this gentleman out around town. Take him up one or two steep hills, just to show him how we are put together."

"But," protested Mr. Whitfield, "I have no intention of buying. I was merely looking around," he added weakly, as if to explain himself.

"That is not of the slightest consequence. Jump right in. Billy, take him anywhere he wants to go."

It was a beautiful day. Mr. Whitfield lay back luxuriously in the perfectly appointed car, and drank in the balmy air. He didn't remember when he had experienced such keen delight.

They were gone for an hour. When they came back, Mr. Whitfield again protested that he wasn't thinking of buying a car. The manager waved him off.

"That's all right," he replied. "You may change our mind any moment. When you do, you will think of us. If you have a friend who is thinking of it, you will tell him of your ride

"Thank you for permitting us to show you what we can do."

The whole affair made a subtle and indefinable impression on Mr. Whitfield. He didn't know it at the time, of course; but it was there just the same.

On the following Saturday he once more scrooled through the automobile district. This time he stood in front of another office. Then he ventured in.

This manager was even more pleasant than the first one.

"I'm not thinking of buying," said Mr. Whitfield. "I just came in to look around."

"That's all right. I want you to see how this car works. You get out the demonstrating-car. Oh, there she is now! Step right in, sir. Jim will take you anywhere you want to go. If you have a favorite hill, just try it in our car. Give him a good ride, Jim."

Mr. Whitfield again sank back, alive to the pleasure. For the first time in his life, he was getting something for nothing. And it seemed so easy. All he had to do was to present himself, to look doubtful, and there was the hearty invitation.

The best of it was that there was no obligation. He might buy a car some day, of course. He might influence a friend. In this case, he ought to know what was the best car; and how could he find out unless he tried? With these subtle sophistries Mr. Whitfield eased his conscience.

The next Saturday he presented himself at the office of a third automobile shop. He was rapidly becoming an expert. He simulated perfectly the air of hesitation which a man would naturally feel if he had determined to buy a car, and yet hadn't made up his mind which one he wanted.

"Would you like to go through the park?" asked the chauffeur.

"Not to-day," replied Whitfield almost giving himself away, until it occurred to him that the chauffeur might only think he had a lot of cars at

home, was accustomed to ride most of the time, and was just trying this one to add to his collection. After all, wasn't it better to convey an impression like that? It was easier. Besides, Mr. Whitfield began to look ahead. He had a list of all the automobile offices. In a short time he would have been everywhere in the vicinity, so that he must begin to discriminate.

"Run her up along the river," he said in an authoritative voice.

It was colder to-day, and Mr. Whitfield took rather enviously at the chauffeur, who had on a fur coat. It occurred to him that he ought to get one—that is, if this was to be the regular thing with him. But the expense! He hated to think of it.

The following Saturday it was still colder, as Mr. Whitfield—gladly now, for he was rapidly becoming an expert—engaged a fourth manager in conversation. But when that gentleman in the usual manner suggested that he should take a spin in their new car, "fresh from the factory," Mr. Whitfield looked dubiously outside.

"I'll stroll around some warmer day," he said.

"Don't let that make the slightest difference," said the manager, going to the wardrobe and pulling out a magnificent coat-skin. "Just slip this coat of mine on over yours."

Could any thing be more delightful? It seemed to Mr. Whitfield almost like fairy-land. He had only to present himself at a new place every Saturday. Everything was provided for him. He found that by tipping the chauffeur—although he hated to spend the money—he could go anywhere he pleased.

He began to get ambitious. Where an hour's ride satisfied him at first, it was now two. And he would ride in nothing under a forty-horse-power. He preferred a six-cylinder. The best was none too good for him.

It was only a question as to how long the different makes would hold out. But as new ones were coming

into the market all the time, and as the old ones were enough to last him several years, with economy, there was no immediate cause for worry.

And then the end came—gradually but surely.

Mr. Whitfield began to stop going to church. His family protested, but it was no use. He found that half the time he could make dates ahead to go riding on Sunday afternoons. He usually explained, in making these arrangements, that he was in a Wall Street pool, which kept him busy all the week. He had, indeed, become an expert liar.

There was no trick, no subtlety, no prevarication, that Mr. Whitfield did not acquire skill in using. The habit grew, and with it came others. He took up smoking. He began to drink.

One day the head of his firm sent for him.

"Sorry, Whitfield, but you are no longer useful to us."

Mrs. Whitfield was obliged to take in boarders. In the meantime her husband, having become known to all the trade, and his clothes getting shabby, was promptly ordered out of every garage. He ran away, became a tramp, and when last heard of was beating his way to San Francisco on the Overland Limited Freight.

#### MORAL.

Now, all ye would-be motorists, who haven't got the price, be not beguiled by managers with invitations also. Their business 'tis to demonstrate their cars by rides and talk; Your business 'tis to demonstrate your character, and walk!

## Health and Memory

Physical health is a powerful factor in regard to the memory. An invalid, or one who is physically or mentally weary naturally cannot give concentrated attention to or exhibit a lively interest in things generally, and especially in unattractive matters. The effort necessary under such conditions to acquire knowledge or experience, and to retain what is acquired, not only makes the task exceedingly irksome, but infinitely tiring, and is for these reasons largely work thrown away. Most of us have seen this in our own experience. Whoever desires to cultivate or strengthen his memory should, therefore, as a serious part of the work, pay attention to his health, and by every sensible means endeavor to gain and retain physical vigor.

—Success Ladder

## Imagination in Business

By LORIN F. DELAND

From the Atlantic Monthly

IMAGINATION, is the ability, upon seeing any object, to construct around that object its probable or possible environment; thus apprehending any force, to realize what produced it, and what it will produce. The man of imagination writes a drama. His dramatic instinct apprehends the power of contrasts; he constructs a plot; he realizes what each person will do, and why he will do it. His characters take possession of his will; they act out their author's own destiny often against their author's own desire. He relates it all together.

Let me say here, in passing, that I shall not introduce into this article any supposititious occurrences; each illustration is an actual fact, either in my experience, or of which I have been cognizant. And one other point: It is difficult at times to draw the line between imagination and sagacity. Starting in sagacity, a man's action often proceeds by imagination. The two become blended. Perhaps it is not too much to claim that, as sagacity emerges from the present, the existing, and the seen, into the future, the unseen, and the unapprehended, it becomes imagination.

Let me tell the story of two boot-blacks. We can scarcely go lower in the lowliest scale. These two boys, of about the same age, I found standing, one Saturday afternoon, on opposite sides of a crowded thoroughfare in Springfield. So far as could be judged, there was no preference between the different sides of the street, for an equally large crowd seemed to

be moving on both sides. The boot-blacks had no regular stand, but each had his box slung over his shoulder, and standing on the curbstone, solicited the passers-by to stop and have a shine. Each boy had one "call," or method of solicitation, which he repeated at regular intervals. The two solicitations were entirely different, but each was composed of four words. They never varied them. Yet one of these boys, by the peculiar wording of his solicitation, secured twice as much business as the other, so far as one could judge, and I watched them for a long time.

The cry of the first boy was, "Shine your boots here!" It announced the simple fact that he was prepared to shine their boots. The cry of the second boy was, "Get your Sunday shine!" It was then Saturday afternoon, and the hour was four o'clock. This second boy employed imagination. He related one attraction to another; he joined facts together; his four simple words told all that the first boy said, and a great deal more. It conveyed the information, not simply that he was there to shine shoes, but that to-morrow was Sunday; that from present appearances it was likely to be a pleasant day; that he, as a boot-black, realized there would need an extra good shine; and, somehow, the sentence had in it a gentle reminder that the persons on whose ears it fell had heretofore overlooked the fact that the next day was the Sabbath, and that any self-respecting Christian would wish his shoes shined before he repaired to the sanctuary

Perhaps it was merely good luck that this boy secured twice the business of the other, but I have seen too many of such experiences to think of them as accidental.

Take another case, not in my own experience, but which happened to Heinemann, the European publisher. He once noticed two peddlers standing side by side, selling toy dolls. One of them had a queer, fat-faced doll, which he was pushing into the faces of the passers-by, giving it the name of a well-known woman reformer, then prominently before the public. His dolls were selling rapidly, while the man beside him, had a really more attractive doll, was doing comparatively little business. A thought occurred to Heinemann, and he tried an experiment. Calling the second peddler to one side, "My friend," he said, "do you want to know how to sell twice as many of these dolls as you are selling now? Hold them up in pairs, two together in each hand, and cry them as 'The Heavenly Twins.'" The toy-vendor somewhat grudgingly followed his advice. It was at a time when Sarah Grand's famous novel was at the height of its popularity, and the title of the book was on every one's tongue. Perhaps it was merely another case of good luck, but the Heavenly Twins dolls were an instantaneous success, and within one hour the vendor of the woman-reformer dolls gave up the fight, acknowledged himself beaten, and moved five blocks down the street to escape the ruinous competition.

Another weakness in human nature is the inability to throw away an element of value even though it cannot be utilized. Many years ago a firm of large retailers of Oriental rugs in this country, the representative of leading houses in Smyrna and Constantinople, found itself overloaded with goods. The situation was critical, unless a certain part of their stock could be turned over at once. The firm had but one proposition to make; namely, a great sacrifice sale of its smaller sizes of rugs, with a reduction in

price of from fifty to sixty per cent., to ensure the movement of at least a thousand rugs, at retail, within one week. An average price on small Oriental rugs—take them as they come—would be \$30 to \$35. This called for an average loss of profit on each rug of from \$15 to \$20. But just here imagination was applied, and another course was recommended and adopted, which was based upon the inability of the average person voluntarily to throw away an element of value.

A test was to be made for six days. Of course, the firm was willing to pay something for such information, and so in each paper there was printed a facsimile of a one-dollar bill, made out in the name of the firm, and good during the next six days, to the extent of one dollar, on the purchase of any Oriental rug at their establishment. The imitation one-dollar note was somewhat crude, but in size and general appearance it suggested a dollar bill, and results showed that it was difficult for many persons to regard it in any other light. At least, they found it as hard to let it go unused, as if it had been indeed a genuine dollar. To all intents and purposes it was a one-dollar bill, provided it was spent at a certain store during a certain limit of time, and for a certain article. It seems incredible now, for the experiment was not tried in a large city, yet within three days the volume of rugs sold amounted to the largest total yearly discount limit. The anticipation of one thousand rugs far exceeded in the performance, and the week ended with sales of sixteen hundred rugs.

Mark this fact! It was not the price. It never is. It was the reason for the price. If, instead of giving the buyer one dollar toward his purchase money, they had taken \$12 off the rug, there might have been sold, perhaps, two hundred of these rugs—scarcely more.

A leading rug-manufacturer found that by actual count they had, in the preceding fifty years, manufactured



and sold a larger number of organs than any other maker in the world. In other words, they held the world's record of sales, the number being 300,000. The problem was to determine how best to utilize the advantage contained in this fact. I suggested that they offer a prize for the best popular conception of the number 300,000; that they publish this offer widely throughout the country, which, in itself would call attention in an interesting way to the fact that they had manufactured 300,000 organs. They were then to take the fifty best conceptions of this large total, making an engraving to illustrate each one, and publish the whole in an attractive pamphlet, of which they should issue an edition large enough to make the cost of the book not to exceed one cent. It could be mailed for another cent, so that they could supply them to the public, at a cost of two cents; or, in other words, any one enclosing a two-cent stamp in a letter would receive the book by mail; and if a large number of these books could be distributed, it would be substantially free advertising, for it would be advertising which involved no expenditure beyond the sending away of the books. It was found that an edition of 100,000 copies would have to be printed to bring the cost to this low limit.

Four months later, in discussing another matter, they referred to the failure of their efforts to dispose of the book, and their chagrin at finding so large an edition on their hands, which they could not use. It appeared on further conversation, that to dispose of them they had advertised them once in the *Youth's Companion*, a paper which at that time had a circulation of over 300,000 copies. They showed me the advertisement. It measured six inches, single columns and in small plain type, announced that a book entitled "How Large is 300,000?" had been prepared with over fifty illustrations, finely printed, making an attractive volume of forty-eight pages, which would be

sent free on receipt of a 2-cent stamp. In all the time which had elapsed since that advertisement had appeared, they had received 788 replies, and, consequently, an edition of 99,212 books was still upon their hands. The man who was responsible for this operation felt his humiliation, but nevertheless he believed that he could get rid of those books, by an advertisement in the same paper, inserted once only, and in a smaller space—virtually a mere repetition of the previous offer.

Accordingly, another advertisement appeared. At the top were the words, "PRIZE REBUS." Under this heading there was a simple rebus, one of the old-fashioned kind so dear to the regular subscriber." Although this particular puzzle was so easy of solution that any person of ordinary intelligence could not fail to work it out in a reasonable time. Under the rebus was the offer, which was to the effect that the books had been prepared, that a certain edition had been printed, that no more would be thereafter printed, and that the books would not be distributed thereafter upon request, but would be given as prizes to any one who could solve the rebus there given. Of course the rebus, being exceedingly simple, would be readily solved; it then entitled its interpreter to a book, and we find ourselves at once back on the old ground of a person entitled to an advantage, and had called upon to choose whether he will avail himself of that advantage by a very slight expenditure or sacrifice the advantage with no expenditure. The advertisement was inserted once, and nothing further was heard from the organ company for a time. Then came a letter saying, "Where is this thing going to end? We have sent out 23,000 books on that one advertisement up to last Saturday night. We have now a force of five women employed in opening letters and mailing books. Had we not better prepare another edition?"

So it went on for ten weeks more.

Finally breaking all known records for the number of replies from any single advertisement.

Now, what was the defect in the first offer? It employed no imagination. It did not reckon with human nature. Or rather, it went directly contrary to a law of human nature. There is a belief, deep-seated in the human mind, that the thing which you can get for nothing is worth nothing. The public very properly accepted this book at its publisher's own appraisal; he offered it for nothing, therefore it was worth nothing.

It must be remembered always that it is not the price of an article which is important, but the reason for the price. This is one of the backbone truths of merchandising, and when once a seller gets a firm hold of this fact, and is able to apply it in its highest efficiency, he can almost devastate the trade. I have seen on more than one occasion the delight with which a retail advertiser first clearly grasps this idea. We can detect something of it in one of the illustrations just used; but now what is the reason which underlies this law? Is it not this: that the argument for the price is the imaginative part of the transaction; the price itself is absolutely unimaginative.

Approach the whole question from another standpoint. Perhaps there is no better index of the value of imagination in business than the immense importance which attaches to the selection of a name for any article. To describe an article in an imaginative vein is to sell it at once to many persons; merely to give it a good name is to sell it to a few. So important is this matter held to be by those who have successfully grasped the value of imagination in business, that it has been used for not less an object than the stifling of competition. Let us assume that to-morrow you decide to embark in the business of manufacturing a toilet soap, to compete with some of the well-known makers. It is important that it should have a significant or attractive name. That

is a first consideration. But, right at the onset, you discover that it is almost impossible to secure any satisfactory name for a new soap. Its color, transparency, and clearness suggest the title of "amber soap." Yes, surely "amber soap" does have an attractive sound. But you cannot use the word "amber" for you find that this is one of a list of twenty-four possible names for a toilet soap, pre-empted by registration as a protectionary measure, years ago, by one of the leading American soap-makers. They have covered over one hundred names in the past quarter of a century.

If an establishment like this, directed by some of the ablest heads in the business world, believes that it can discourage competition by simply depriving the would-be competitor of the appeal to the imagination in the naming of his soap, how great a value must we attach to imagination in business!

More striking instances of this endeavor to intercept competition may be found by a perusal of the trade-names and trade-marks registered in Great Britain. Ten years ago there were only 27,000 trade names registered in the United States as against 182,000 registered in England. The English, from whom we have borrowed the idea of protection by registration, take most of our American names that have any originality or value, if the owner for any reason has left them unregistered at the expiration of the six months during which the trade-name is protected for filing in Great Britain. English manufacturers have gone to the extent of protecting themselves, not merely in their own line of goods, but in all lines of manufacture, thereby preventing their trade-name from becoming commonplace by its repeated use. Thus the word "Sunlight" has been registered by its owners, not merely as the name of a soap, but for practically every article of household use to which the name could be applied.



AMATEUR PLAYERS OF TORONTO

Mr. Douglas Kelly      Mr. Douglas Kelly      Mr. Eric T. Green      Mr. J. D. B. B. B. B.  
 Miss Elizabeth Holmes      Miss Elizabeth Holmes      Miss Elizabeth Holmes      Miss Elizabeth Holmes

This company, presenting George Bernard Shaw's play, "Canada," was the Earl Grey Dramatic Competition, 1906. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson are children of the late Christopher Robinson, the eminent lawyer, and grandchild of Sir John Beverley Robinson. Miss Holmes is a Scottish sister to Canada, the daughter of the Duchess of Devonshire.

## A Unique Dramatic Tournament

By W. S. MOORE

ALL human beings have a natural craving for the acted drama.

They believe, as did Ben Jonson, that life itself is like a play, and agree with Bulwer Lytton in his observation that "Plays are the mirror of life." Music and the drama have aroused widespread interest in Canada, for, in her nine provinces, there are 2,600 theatres, concert halls and places of public entertainment. Implanted in every healthy nature is a desire to act, to dance, to portray, to impersonate. To give expression to this feeling and in order that there might be a friendly rivalry among representatives from different parts of the Dominion, His Excellency Earl Grey, a few years ago decided to inaugurate musical and dramatic competitions, and offered suitable trophies

therefor, the contests being open to all amateur companies in Canada and Newfoundland.

His generous and commendable action in this respect, it is said, grew out of a visit to Newfoundland. In the City of St. John's the Governor-General listened with so much pleasure to the splendid production of an orchestra composed principally of boys, that the idea occurred to him of starting some movement whereby these players could be brought in contact with various organizations in Canada. He believed it would result in the development of a broader and more patriotic spirit, tend to a better understanding and appreciation of art, and evoke more sympathy and interest generally in the cultivation of what is best in the world of music.

Shortly after, he announced his intention of holding each year a competition and presenting trophies to the best amateur musical and dramatic organizations.

The first two competitions were held in Ottawa, the third in Montreal and the one next year will take place in Toronto. Each succeeding year the interest has increased and the number and efficiency of competing companies have steadily grown. In 1907 the dramatic trophy was first won by the Winnipeg Dramatic Club; in 1908 by the Thespian Club, of Ottawa, and this season by the Amateur Players, of Toronto. The first musical trophy was captured by the Quebec Orchestral Society, while the second and third went to the orchestra of the Canadian Conservatory of Music, Ottawa.

Two years ago Miss Margaret Anglin, the celebrated Canadian actress, decided to offer a handsome gold bracelet annually for the best lady actress. This was awarded in 1908 to Mrs. Edgar, of Ottawa, and this year to Miss Marguerite Jancy, of Montreal, who, in private life, is Miss Anne Ethier. She took the part of Lionnette in "La Princesse de Bagdad," by Alex. Dumas, Jr., a comedy-drama presented by the St. Henri Literary Society. A competent critic, speaking of Miss Jancy, says: "Her interpretation of an exacting role was admirable and aroused much favorable comment, round after round of applause greeting her delivery of important speeches. She handled her big scenes with the skill of one who received excellent training and her manner, as well as her delivery, were both admirable."

It is interesting to note that the mother of Miss Anglin, who gave the bracelet won by Miss Jancy, was a member of the company that captured the prize donated by Lord and Lady Dufferin for amateur theatrical competition in Canada over thirty years ago.

This year sixteen entries were received for the dramatic competition.

Of this number, seven were cancelled after trial performances had been given in Ottawa and Montreal before judges appointed by the executive, thus reducing the companies to the maximum number that could be accommodated during the week. Last year there were nine entries altogether.

The regulations have from time to time been altered and one stipulation this season was that the length of



JOHN CORBIN

The New York dramatic critic and playwright, who was judge in the dramatic competition.

each dramatic production should not be less than one hour or more than an hour and a half, that the maximum number of players in each company should be confined to 100, and that the minimum number of speaking parts should be six.

No performer who, within the past five years, has lived by the profession of the drama, is eligible to compete. A professional stage manager, may, however, be employed.

The first year the trophy was won by a company composed of some fourteen members, there being about four speaking parts. The production last

ed forty minutes. The judge decided that it would be advisable in future for each organization to have a leading man and leading lady. The next year the prize went to a company of only three members, and their play was presented in about thirty-one minutes. It was thought three did not constitute a company in the fullest meaning of the term and that a presentation should be longer than the time taken for an ordinary act in a professional drama or comedy. Accordingly more changes were made in the conditions governing competing companies, as it is only through a process of experiment and varied experiences that perfection is attained, and the best results brought out in all undertakings. In all probability further amendments will, like the constitution and by-laws of other organizations, have to be made to meet circumstances and needs, which may arise.

The judge in this year's competition, Mr. John Corbin, of New York, made some timely suggestions, and other recommendations have been offered by those who took part in the proceedings. All difficulties and vexations will, doubtless, be overcome, as well as other weaknesses and shortcomings that time (and talent) may reveal. The basis of judging is interesting. Twenty points are allowed for excellence of the company in acting together as a unit, or, in other words, for ensemble; to points for individual excellence, apart from acting, which includes dress and make-up; and 20 points for "individual excellence in acting," including grace or ease of carriage and manner, diction, the promptness of entrances and exits, and the picking up of cues.

A rule, unless it is adhered to, is of no use and it is contended that the executive should see that all regulations are carried out in letter and spirit, by both the judge and the companies. It seems unfair, for instance, that some companies, which appear first in the evening, should have all the afternoon for the setting and ar-

rangement of the stage, while a company, that follows, does not, in many cases, have as many minutes as its predecessor had hours. The second company has to make all changes and an original setting of scenery, while the audience is waiting; and any theatre-goer knows that patrons will not sit contentedly for more than ten or fifteen minutes at the most. The company playing second would thus appear to be handicapped at the onset, as it has to abide by the same regulations with respect to time, marks, dress, make-up and other qualities on which judging is based.

It is suggested, too, that a judge, instead of being a dramatic critic and playwright, as was the case this year, should be a former actor, one who has had a varied and extended experience behind the footlights. It is further contended—and no reflection is implied on the conscientious work of past judges—that the most competent and thoroughly equipped official would be one who has been a professional actor, as well as a playwright, as he would appraise the productions not only from the quality of their literary finish and style, but also from the actors' viewpoint, conception and possibilities.

The recent competition also showed that Canadian dramatists are not taking advantage of their opportunities and that native talent, which is often as good as that abroad, is not being exploited to the extent that it should be. Other recommendations, made by the press and competent critics, are that every competing organization should engage a capable stage manager; that short plays are preferable to very long ones that have to elude one or two acts to come within the time limit, and the plays chosen for production should be those having several speaking parts of equal or nearly equal importance. Of course, there should be a leading man and a leading lady, but the support rendered them should involve some responsible parts or, in other words, the company should be evenly divided in the mat-

ter of work as far as possible. Careless, thoughtless, amateur efforts will not answer.

No doubt some of the suggestions made, as well as others that develop, will be taken into consideration next year. It is worthy of note that, contrary to statements made in the press, the company which carried off the prize in this year's competition, had very little previous amateur experience.

The members of the Amateur Players of Toronto determined last fall to get up a production—merely for their own amusement and to while away pleasantly the long winter evenings. The decision to put on a play which would require only a small cast, and selected "Candide" in Geo. Bernard Shaw. One critic says that, to successfully produce this comedy every individual must be a player of some experience, and that the Amateur Players all evidently had that experience.

As a matter of fact only two members of the organization have had any experience worth speaking of. "Candide" was first given privately before a few friends, who thought well of the performance and urged the players to enter the Earl Grey competition. The company employed no stage manager, and coached themselves entirely. The judge, in an eulogistic reference, says "As a whole, the acting was on the highest plane of art, excelling, in my opinion, that of the New York production of the play. To find flaws here criticism is obliged to verge on hypercriticism." The Marchbanks of Mr. Owen was far more truly psychologic and temperamental than that of Mr. Aruold Daly, and was quite adequate to one of the most difficult parts in the modern drama.

The closest rivals to the winners were the amateurs of La Concorde, of La Salle, Montreal, who gave a remarkably fine performance and clever interpretation of Molière's comedy "La Présomption Ridiculous."

In his general report, Mr. Corbin says: "The majority of the plays were better than any amateur acting in my

experience, while "Les Précieuses Ridicules" and "Candide" were excellent in any comparison." It seems obvious to me, therefore, that the competition is of the utmost value, not only to the performers, but to the public at large. In time is must be recognized generally as an important and a vital element in the cultural life of the Canadian cities.



DONALD MEINS

Principal Canadian Coordinator of Dramatic Events, whose activities were the mainstay of the movement.

The chairman of the permanent executive committee of the Earl Grey Musical and Dramatic Trophy Competition is Sir John Hanbury-Williams, Military Secretary to His Excellency, Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara, Deputy Minister of Trade and Commerce, is honorary secretary.

The hope is expressed that the competition, which will be held in Toronto next year, will witness, among the entries, some dramatic clubs from the Maritime Provinces, and Newfoundland.



178. A Fisherman's Camp in Northern Wilds.

## Canada, Summer Playground of America

By W. G. FANSHAW

THE rural resident is getting ready for the summer boarder and the summer boarder in turn is getting ready for the rural resident. The latter is mowing the lawn, painting the verandah, trimming the trees, overhauling the boats, putting new seats on the expensive arm chairs and giving the big deerskin rug on a fresh coat of varnish. The summer boarder is thinking of where he will go this season for a holiday, wondering whether he can stand the same spot again, and asking himself if the landlord overcharged him last year, or whether he could not get richer cream, riper apples, newer eggs, more luxurious berries, better fishing, and a more beautiful outlook from a pic-

turesque and financial standpoint some place else. Then, there is the question of associations and the associates. He thinks it all over, and, after calm reflection, decides that he will try another hotel or boarding house. Distant fields appear green, the valley beyond seems more inviting—and accordingly a change is agreed upon.

There are two things which give the tourist traffic of Canada its present large and steadily growing proportions. The first is improved transportation facilities and better hotels, along with the fact that the great majority of people are now firmly convinced that money and time spent on a holiday or vacation at some distant point are well invested and bring pro-

fitable returns physically and mentally. The second reason is that all persons like to shift. They believe that change is the law of life. They want to see as much of Canada's majestic landscapes and lovely waterways as their purse and everyday pursuits will permit.

Each of the nine provinces in the Dominion presents peculiar attractions and quaint charms. The railways and navigation companies issue an abundance of neatly printed and superbly illustrated folders which are scattered over the country from Halifax to Vancouver and from Maine to California, while the ticket agents in every city and town are obliging, thoughtful and well-informed with respect to roads, routes and rates. They are veritable storehouses of facts and figures. Thousands of persons depend solely on the advice of the ticket or tourist agent, who cheerfully furnishes them with all the data that they desire.

The number of questions the average ticket seller or his clerks have to

answer, the amount of knowledge geographical, climatic, piscatorial and otherwise, which they are supposed to possess, would stagger the ordinary man who, if asked the hotel rates in his own town or how far it is located from Toronto, Montreal, Vancouver, Halifax or Quebec, would not be able to tell. A ticket agent must be a compendium of knowledge, a handbook of routes, an authority on rates, and a railway hotel directory, all in one. He must know the exact distance, the time of arrival and departure of trains, alternative lines, the sights to be seen on the way and at the destination, and a score of other things. He has little or no time to consult reference literature, for it is a busy season for him, and his office is filled with persons anxious to secure his advice and assistance.

How is he made familiar with all these details? Principally by the traveling passenger representatives of the various transportation lines, who call upon him several times during the year and ask him to include their lines



An Early Morning Start



A Hard Paddle Against the Stream

in his railway rate sheets, so that he can issue three tickets to travelers going over their routes. Transportation companies, where their routes do not touch competitive points, thus reciprocate or interchange. Each lists the other in their rate sheets. Even where an opposition road runs to the same destination as his own, if a traveler insists upon it, the agent will make him out a ticket over a rival route.

The ticket often takes a wayfarer over half a dozen routes. While the strip of cardstock or colored paper may appear almost as long as the journey itself, every section serves a purpose. The coupon that belongs to each line, is torn off or lifted by the conductor and is forwarded to the audit office of his company. It is a voucher, and, on presentation to the same road settlement is made with the company for the transportation granted in response to the reaching of the coupon. Thus the respective lines get their just share for the portion of

a trip executed by them on their cars or boats. A ticket agent in California or Florida issues a slip good over several lines and saves a traveler the inconvenience and annoyance of purchasing a ticket at different points or junctions on route. The system is a wonderfully perfect one and works smoothly and satisfactorily.

Railways and steamboat companies spend thousands of dollars in advertising countries, districts and towns. Of course, they do it primarily to make money for themselves, but many localities, which have never expended a dollar to make their own advantages and beauties known, reap the benefit. Places that would never be heard of beyond a limited local area are world famous through the agency of the railways, and yet, in some instances, have not sufficient local pride to keep their streets clean, provide suitable hotel and boarding house accommodation and afford other facilities which the stranger naturally expects.

All Canada has been richly dowered by nature; yet how many communities of their own accord, have craved any enterprise in seeking to deserve the patronage bestowed upon them by holiday seekers and travelers. Many have not expended a dollar and yet they give the railway companies little or no credit for making their charms and resources known to the great outside world. There is a big profit in the tourist trade. Summer visitors are generally persons who have money to spend. They are not parsimonious if they receive fair value and are accorded some measure of attention, but if any centre wishes to reap the fullest harvest from this profitable traffic there must be some little spirit of give and take manifested.

Roughly speaking, there were forty-five million passengers carried on the twenty-five thousand miles of Canadian railways last year. What number were pursuers of pleasure it is impossible to tell, but, so far as can be learned from the various transportation companies, probably a million tourists from the United States come

to Canada annually in search of health, rest and recreation. It is estimated that over a quarter of a million visit New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, while another quarter of a million visit the Pacific coast and the far-famed Rockies. Fully half a million come to Ontario and Quebec.

The liveliest months are in June, July and August, when railway coaches and steamers are crowded to their fullest capacity if times are good and money plentiful. If business conditions are stagnant and commercial depression exists the falling off in the tourist trade is enormous. People either postpone their annual outing until a more favorable occasion or else take shorter trips. The traffic last year was dull, but this season, with the return of prosperity and the freer circulation of money the outlook is most encouraging. The different resorts and hotels throughout the Dominion are preparing for a record summer and the number of inquiries from all over the continent is large.



A Typical Canadian Water Fall



A Likely Spot

For Ontario and a large portion of Quebec, Toronto is the great distributing centre. Nearly all of the half-million American vacation seekers in these two provinces pass through the capital of Ontario every summer on their way to Muskoka, the Upper Lakes, New Ontario, the St. Lawrence river and Gulf. Of this number between three and four hundred thousand travelers are brought to Toronto every summer across Lake Ontario by boat. The exodus alone to Muskoka is fully fifty thousand people, one-quarter of whom are visitors from the other side of the line. In the great Muskoka district, fittingly termed the Highlands of Ontario, there are over 1,000 cottages and scores of first-class hotels. Over 50,000 passengers are carried every season by boat down the famous St. Lawrence river through the beautiful Thousand Islands to Montreal, on to the historic City of Quebec, Murray Bay, Tadoussac and the picturesque Saguenay river. About seven-

eights of this large traffic is composed of visitors from across the border. Other Americans who come to Toronto take rail for points on Lake Huron and send their way by the upper lake steamers to Manitoulin Island, Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur or Fort William, and the Rainy River district. Still others make their way to Cobalt, Halleybury, New Liskeard, and the famous Tenungum district.

The splendid stretch of water-known as the Kanartha Lakes, and the 30,000 islands of Georgian Bay also claim a fair share of American tourist traffic.

The holiday spirit is encouraged not only by Canadian transportation companies, but also by various educational and business organizations. The employees of many commercial concerns hold an annual excursion to some objective spot; the Y. M. C. A. has a flourishing boys' camp on the shores of Lake Couchiching, and the Upper Canada College students have a permanent resort on Lake Tenungum.

Canadians appreciate a vacation. On every public holiday and every Saturday afternoon during the heated term the number who leave the crowded city centres for week-end jaunts takes all boat and rail lines to their utmost. Taking Toronto as a fair example, there is a wide choice of routes. There are twenty-three excursion steamers plying from Toronto to near points and their combined capacity is 20,147 passengers. Some idea of the travel by rail may be gained from the fact that, during a recent holiday period, when single rates prevailed, the number of persons who passed through the Union Station was 75,000, and this is not an unusual experience.

To St. John, Yarmouth and Halifax, in the east, thousands of American tourists are brought by boat every summer, from Boston, Portland and New York. On the west coast of Canada lines of steamers ply between Seattle and Victoria and the business in the warm months is heavy.

The pure air of Canadian summer resorts drives away all malaria, asthma and hay fever. That is why so

many thousands of Americans flock to the watering places and sylvan retreats, which every province affords. To cover the whole range of recreation grounds and specialize on their grandeur and charms, the fishing facilities, the hunting paradises, the bathing conveniences, the carriage drives and canoe trips would require volumes, and then the half would not be told. All that can be done is to give a general indication of the principal points, their height above the sea level and the average temperature for the three vacation months—June, July and August.

The higher the altitude the less depressing, of course, is the heat, and the less dense and humid the atmosphere. Persons suffering from lung trouble should spend their holidays on the more exalted spots. For those who desire a more even temperature the year round, the lake or sea shore is preferable, as water tends to equalize temperature.

The following table should prove of interest.



Place	Average Temperature				Elevation, Highest known during summer months
	Elevation	June	July	August	
Vancouver .....	1,300	54	63	60	36
Nelson .....	1,760	60	67	64	34
Edmonton .....	2,128	57	64	59	35
Victoria .....	85	57	60	60	36
Kamloops .....	454.2	51	56	55	35
Calgary .....	1,245	64	68	68	35
Winnipeg .....	339.9	56	60	59	35
Dawson City .....	1,300	38	60	55	26
Port Simpson .....	26	54	57	57	31
Prince Albert .....	14,32	38	60	59	28
Regina .....	1,085	50	62	60	23
Winnipeg .....	700	62	66	64	21
Port Arthur .....	644	56	62	60	21
Southampton .....	697	61	66	65	32
Perry Sound .....	635	61	66	64	31
Port Stanley .....	592	62	69	67	32
Toronto .....	350	62	66	67	28
Kingston .....	385	63	68	67	34
Ottawa .....	394	65	70	67	36
Gravenhurst .....	770	63	67	65	26
Bala .....	740	63	66	64	32
Jackson's Point .....	726	63	68	65	..
Montreal .....	187	65	69	67	38
Quebec .....	295	65	66	64	35
Fort Point .....	20	53	58	56	28
St. John .....	70	59	63	63	35
Charlton, N.B. ....	21	60	66	64	30
Halifax .....	88	58	64	63	35
Yarmouth .....	65	55	61	61	34
Charlottetown .....	38	58	64	63	32
St. John's, Nfld. ....	125	51	60	60	20

The railways of Canada on May 1st each year reduce their rates to distant points and issue tourist tickets good to return until November 30th. These tickets differ from the ordinary ticket in that certain stop-over privileges are allowed. To encourage local traffic, from every large city week-end rates, which are good within a limited radius, are in effect from May 1st to October 31st. A return journey can be made for single fare plus ten cents, the tickets being good to leave on Saturdays and return the following Monday. On all public holidays single rates return prepaid, covering a period from noon to six days.

The main question—the personal problem—arises which a holiday centres, is the cost. The length of a sojourn must often be measured by the size of one's purse. For instance, should a person desire to visit the Pacific coast, Vancouver, Seattle or any other point in the extreme west, the rates are very low this season owing to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition in Seattle. Tickets going any time from now up to the end of September and good to return until October 31st, with stop-over privileges at all the principal cities en route, either in the United States or Canada, can be purchased from Toronto for \$7.40. A first-class sleeper would

cost each way \$17 or a tourist sleeper \$9. Not including hotel bill or meals, one may make the journey from Ontario to any point beyond the Rockies and enjoy both both ways for \$100 or \$125. The different transportation companies, in view of the exceptionally favorable rate expect that many Easterners, who have never traversed the Prairie Provinces, will take advantage of the present inducements.

A return tourist ticket from Toronto to Halifax should one desire to see the country down by the sea, so full of historic interest, early struggle and the strange blending of the archaic with the modern—costs \$42.70 and a sleeper about \$6 each way.

One may take a boat ride from Toronto up the Great Lakes to Fort William and Port Arthur and return for

\$36.10 including meals and berth, the outing occupying about a week. The expense for a continuous water voyage down the St. Lawrence to the Saguenay and return from Toronto is \$43.50 including meals and berth, the journey lasting about ten days including a stay of several hours in Montreal and a day in Quebec city.

A sail from Toronto to Montreal and back (meals and berth included) may be enjoyed for \$23.50. These rates apply individually, but, in the event of a party of ten or more going, a substantial reduction is secured. A round trip to Winnipeg costs \$50 and to Edmonton \$80. A traveller may go by boat one way if chooses for \$5 more. Many other figures might be given but an indication is furnished herein of the average outlay for a long or short jaunt.

## When They Made Good

George Washington was commander-in-chief of the army at the age of forty-three; Cromwell entered upon his remarkable career at twenty-nine; Napoleon conquered Italy before he was thirty; Gladstone was a member of Parliament at twenty-three; Macaulay began his literary career at twenty; Columbus started out on his voyage of discovery at thirty-six; Frederick the Great began the Thirty Years' War at the age of thirty; and Blackstone had finished his Commentaries before he was thirty-five.

## A Migration of Half a Million

By AGNES C. LAUT

From the Century Magazine

IF half a million American settlers should suddenly pull up roots and migrate in a body to some foreign land the event would be heralded as one of the most epic movements of the century. Yet that is virtually what has happened, with little notice and less comment, in the last six years. In less than six years 388,000 American farmers have pulled up stakes in their native States and moved from Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Arkansas and Oregon, across the invisible line of the international boundary to free homesteads in the Canadian Northwest. Moreover, 100,000 Americans have gone north as investors, speculators, miners, lumbermen.

A railroad traffic manager and a customs officer both told me the same thing, very few of the American homesteaders came in with less than \$1,000 cash; many came in with capital ranging from \$3,000 to \$10,000. The capital brought in by the investing classes varies from the \$100,000,000 placed by the Morgan banking house in the Canadian Northern Railway to the \$200,000 and \$400,000 capital placed in actual cash by the land and lumber and fish companies. Average the American new-comer's capital at \$2,000, and the American invasion of Canada in the last six years represents in hard cash an investment of a billion dollars. From what I saw in a leisurely four months' tour of Canada—first by canoe, 1,300 miles among

the settlers of the frontier beyond the railroad, then by rail twice across the continent—I have no hesitation in saying that a billion dollar average is too small by half.

It used to be British Columbia's boast that she had timber resources to supply the whole world for a century. When one considers that British Columbia is one-half larger than the German Empire, and that most of her area is timbered with a heavy growth of gigantic Douglas fir and spruce, literally shutting out the daylight and criss-crossing one's trail in a veritable *cheval-de-frise*, the boast seemed to have good foundation in fact. So prodigal was the Pacific province of her timber resources that the Provincial Government used to lease out a square mile to any applicant for a mere nominal rent of something over a hundred dollars. Then, with a shock that was electric, the province awakened to a realization of what had happened. Virtually all the best timber lands had been leased and the leases sold at enormous profit to American lumber companies—\$2,000 leases in some cases for \$32,000, for \$60,000, for \$100,000, and this up in Queen Charlotte Islands, which used to be considered inaccessible. To-day one cannot leave a single square mile of timber in British Columbia. One must buy it from the American investor. Why? The Provincial Government says, because they are conserving natural resources. But the timber crushers

tell a different story: because all the best lands are taken.

Between the different ranges of the Rockies are wonderfully rich valleys—ranch, fruit, and coal lands. It need scarcely be told here that in every instance, from Cariboo and Cassiar to East and West Kootenay, the mines have been prospected, developed and operated by Americans. British and Canadian capital has come in second—I am sorry to say, as in Rossland and Slovan, sometimes to an aftermath of watered stock and wildcat schemes. What has happened with the mines is to-day repeating itself with the ranch and fruit lands. One example will suffice—that of the Nechaco Valley, up at the headwaters of the Fraser River. Canadians are notoriously conservative. They will not invest one dollar till quite sure that two dollars will come back. The American will lightly risk his two dollars on the slimmest kind of chance of getting ten back. As long as there were prairie lands, Canadians did not consider the bunch-grass and ranch lands of the Rocky Mountain valleys worth having. They were hard to reach, too far away; so the government rated such lands as second and third rate, to be obtained for merely nominal homestead duties and dues that did not total more than fifty cents and \$2 an acre. As soon as two new transcontinental railways began to push westward, it became apparent that railroads would cross these valleys, and there was a rush to the far off bunch-grass valleys of squatters, whom Seattle and St. Paul and St. Louis companies had "grab-staked." By the time the government surveyors had come on the scene and the land-office had awakened, the homesteaders had proved title and sold out to American companies for a few dollars an acre lands worth \$25. As far as I could learn, the operators in the Nechaco Valley were from St. Louis.

Now come on across the moun-

tains to the prairie, a level stretch of 1,500 miles. The first Canadian transcontinental railway was constructed about midway between the Saskatchewan and the boundary—that is, zigzagging north and south, one may call it half way, though it is nearer the south—and settlement followed along the line of it like iron filings sticking to a magnet. The Saskatchewan is the true watershed of the north, and down its broad rusty current has swept from time immemorial ocean loads of silt, of humus, of forest covering from the Rockies, depositing such cargo of fertility along its banks as the Nile deposits over Egypt. The Canadian settler has always stuck to the line of the railroad like a burr. The American settler, as if obsessed, has always struck ahead of the railroad to the best lands, independent of where the road might be; and he has compelled it to come to him. Along the banks of the Saskatchewan for 800 miles from the Rockies is a deposit of fifteen feet of solid humus, and sure enough though the Saskatchewan is remote from the railroad except at three points, along its bank have settled American homesteaders—the very cream of American homesteaders—from Iowa, where scientific training for thirty years has virtually revolutionized agriculture.

Peace River plays the same part for the north that the Saskatchewan does for the middle north; only, in addition to arable lands, there are vast asphalt beds—enough to pave America. Do you know who is behind the railway charters connecting that north country with the outside world? A group of Wall Street men.

This has been a "panic year." The "boom" in the Northwest had had collapsed before the panic, and the panic witnessed the complete subsidence of fevered speculation. Yet more American settlers came into the Canadian Northwest than ever before. Of 443,754 homesteaders in



the Canadian West 58,000 were American. Other countries sent fewer colonists during the panic year. The United States sent 5,000 more than in the preceding year. A migration of such proportion and persistence results from deeper causes than a hysterical stampede or a campaign of clever advertising. It results, indeed, from causes which the advertiser—immigration and railroads—does not like to hear mentioned, from the deepest economic causes, which the world has not realized, or, realizing, has not faced. Let us face the facts and state them plainly, whether we like them or not.

We are within sight of the end of free land. Of all the migrations over America's vast area, from Plymouth Rock and James River to the mountains, from the mountains to Ohio and Tennessee, from the Bloody Ground to the Mississippi, and from the Mississippi to Oregon and California, the last West has at last been reached. This is the last frontier to which the adventurous pioneers will ever trek in America. The great migration from East to West, which began with prehistoric Aryan ancestors, has at last come to an impasse. The West has met the East on the Pacific Coast.

Canoing leisurely down the Saskatchewan among the very latest of the newly come homesteaders, it was a continual shock to find how little really excellent land remained for free homesteading. We have been told so often that Canada's unoccupied lands extend right to the Athabasca and the Peace, and we have come to believe free homesteads, like the poor, we should always leave with us. What is more, it has been proved with government statistics that Canada's unoccupied free lands extended up to the billions of acres.

The proofs are all right both as to climate and latitude, only the land isn't there. Canada's free lands extend to the Pole all right, only they are not farm lands. It is perfectly true that if you add up the long sunlight of the almost nightless Northern summer, it totals more hours than the sunlight farther south, and ripens wheat fast enough to escape early frost. Also the farther north wheat grows, the better it is, the whiter the bread made from it, owing to the long sunlight; and a soft California or Kansas winter wheat can be transformed into a spring No. 1 hard by growing it for a season or two in the North. Wheat grows on Peace River and on the Athabasca and kitchen gardens flourish round the fur posts of the Mackenzie; but the point is that when you go seventy miles north of the Saskatchewan, arable land exists only in small patches. The rest of the North Country is sand, muskeg, rock—nature's great fur preserve on this continent for all time to come.

This limits the remaining wheat area of the Canadian Northwest from the boundary on the south to a strip seventy miles or thereabouts north of the Saskatchewan, with a few additional patches on the Upper Fraser, sections, but only small sections, on the Peace, the Grand Prairie of Lesser Slave Lake. Coming down the Saskatchewan, what did we find? Settlers north of the Saskatchewan as far back as fifty miles. Between the Saskatchewan and the boundary the best lands have already been rolled out, and are held at advance prices, and the remaining free lands were being taken up at the rate of a quarter of a million farms a person before the "panic year." As for the east end of the Saskatchewan, it is not a farming country at all.

## The People Who Go to Plays

By HORACE G. HUTCHISON

From the Cornhill

A CERTAIN actor—something of a dramatic author also—informed me that he was lately at luncheon in a golf club not far from London, and heard one member with a long moustache (whereby he judged him to be a Guardsman) say to another, "By Jove, my dear fellow, went to the best play last night I ever saw in my life. Cleverest thing I ever saw, by Jove. Don't know, I'm sure, whom it was by—forget exactly what it was all about—hardly remember the name of any of the actor Johannes, don't you know. But, by Jove, there was a little fellow in it, and he came on in armour, don't you know. Deuced funny. You should go and see it."

That was all he could tell in his most eloquent vein, to his friend, about the cleverest thing he had ever seen in his life. Is it not rather desperate for the unfortunate playwright who has to cater for a public composed of crises of this character? Just imagine the sentiments of this person of great moustaches and appreciation for little men in armour, if he was set down to watch a play by Ibsen. In all probability he would not even begin to understand what it was all about, and if he did understand it, it would not interest him. The typical attitude of his class towards a play with any thinking, any problem in it, was revealed to me by the remark of one of them coming from a performance of "Olive Lath-

mer's Husband": "What a gloomy day!" The remark had a truth in it; the piece is not a cheerful one. But it is not the remark that sums up the points, or that touches the main character of the piece. It is a play very far from perfect, but essentially it is a play that raises interesting questions. It "gives to think"; that is what is the matter with it according to the criticism which the utterance coming from the man of big moustaches typifies. That it affords Mrs. Patrick Campbell an opportunity for a splendid piece of acting is a fact which does make something of an appeal to him, but that is not enough in his eyes to save the play from gloom and his evening's amusement from failure.

It may be said that the writer of plays has no business to concern himself with an audience of this character, that it does not count. The answer to that, however, is the simple and direct negative: it is not true. Emphatically, for the production of a play the audience does count. It is an integral part of the performance. It is herein that the playwright's art differs from that of the painter or the novel-writer. To one or other of the two last, complaining of lack of public appreciation, the answer is ready: "Be true to yourself, do your best work, be indifferent to your public; after a time, if your work is good, your public will come to you."

You may say this to them because there are means of showing pictures—to a limited public, it may be, but still to some section of the public—even if they are not popular, and of submitting to the general verdict a book, though, it may be, in a very small edition. But this is not the case with a play. If you cannot capture an audience, if on the present condition of the English stage at least a manager does not deem it likely that your play will have an audience, there is virtually no possibility of producing it at all. A painter is done when the canvas is covered according to the artist's intention, a book when sufficient sheets for the telling of the tale have been similarly filled, but a play can hardly be said to have existence, to draw the breath of life at all, until it is acted. That is the fact which makes all the difference between this art and others. There are a few societies which live for the purpose of giving this life to plays which would otherwise be stillborn, because they could not attract a greater public, but though they have done fine work in giving the opportunity of production to a few authors to whom it would otherwise have been denied, and in one striking instance at least to an author who has since achieved as much popular success as one of his kind can expect with reason, the playwright can hardly be called on to address himself to this small section alone. He has to gain some wider popularity or else confess himself something very like a failure, however fine, in literary and psychological qualities, his work may be. He has failed to hit an audience, and if the writer of plays intended to be acted fails in this he has failed in one, at least, of his chief aims. It is very well for Robert Browning to write himself down as "non-maker of plays," but with all possible admiration for his genius, and full recognition of the fact that by some kind of tour de

force the effort has been made to place on the stage some of his passages, we feel that it is only by a little stretch of the meaning of words that we can allow him such a title as he claims, no doubt not very seriously. A maker of plays must make actors play them and audiences attend them.

And yet it would be rather desperate if we were to admit that our playwrights had to write entirely for the appreciators of "the little fellow in armour." Besides these, there is a great public which admires, above all else, the magnificent spectacle, and cares not how far the incidents and portrayed persons are remote from real life. The staginess of construction or of character does not trouble them at all. It was of a play of this species that one of its authors said to me in horror, "Whatever you do don't go and see it!" "Oh no," I said, "I will not, but we are going to send the servants." "Oh, yes," said he. "Do. It's a splendid piece of carpentering—the nails and glue sticking out all over it. They'll love it."

So they went, and they loved it, as he had said, and the next day I was dining with a financier of no little acuteness in the city, who was also a member of Parliament, if that is to be attributed to him as an added grace, and in course of the talk I heard him say to another of his kind, "I say, there's one play you must go and see. You mustn't miss that," and then he named that very thing of glue and nails and gaudy spectacle and remoteness from all that is akin to life. He loved as the servants loved, though in his own line he had much intelligence.

Now in this play there was no wit at all, nor an attempt at it. There was magnificence and murder and melodrama, and it is obvious that for a piece of this description there is a great audience. There is money in it, and the playwright who loves to hold the pot will set it humming

with a production of the kind. He will not lack the audience, which is the true fire beneath the pot. Whether he will be proud of the quality of that audience is another story, perhaps one that will not trouble him. Perhaps the man who handles glue and nails in this fashion is not excessively particular. In any case he has his reward.

Undoubtedly there is this big audience for melodrama, as there is also for little fellows in armour, and, besides, there are good audiences for what is described as "the bright society piece." This is of the kind which affects a Gallic lightness in its treatment, is extremely clever, really "quite good," leaving us with the conviction that the author could do a good deal better, but that he has deliberately made up his mind that the public do not want his better, and he will therefore give them his worse. He is not to be blamed, in the sense that a painter or a novel-writer might be blamed for a like lowering of his art. The reason has been stated: a play must be produced. This is the kind of piece which will catch what is called society. It will appeal to the lover of the little fellow in armour on the one side, and will catch the financier and others who appreciate the melodrama splendours, but it will not do to send the servants to. It would not interest them. And it will hardly catch those who want a psychological study in a play; the more fastidious of this kind of audience it will disgust, though the less delicate will appreciate its brightness and its wit which does not go beneath the skin. It is just because it does not go too deep that its audiences will be big, for its humor is of the kind that men and women who have dined generously and are not in the metal condition for keenest thought can perceive and then go away with the agreeable impression that they have been remarkably clever in perceiving it. That is al-

ways so satisfactory. It places us at once among the elect.

Of people who go to plays a certain number are inveterate first-nighters. No matter what the play or who the actors, they make it a point of honor to attend the first representation. And this is a curious fancy, for there is no doubt that as a rule you get your play worse done on the first night than ever again. The voice of the prompter is loud in the land. If you have the fortune to be sitting so as to get a view of the side scenes, on the first night of a play given by a certain star actor—a very bright luminary indeed—you may see his own particular arm dancer indicating to him not only all he has to say but all the bits of business he has to do, rubbing his nose at one moment, wiping his eye the next, each of these moments having a mean which the great man reproduces, with much the great man reproduces, with much added majesty, for the audience. Still, those who go on the first night are twenty-four hours ahead of those who go on the second, and it always gives a sense of superiority to have opened the oyster a little before the man whom you meet in the street.

Besides the first-night audience, which is to be reckoned as more or less of a certainty, there is a certain hearing assured for every prominent actor and actress, no matter in what piece they are appearing. Each has a personal following. There is one of our actresses who may be relied upon to fill a house of ordinary size for six weeks, quite apart from any merit of the play in which she has the star role. People go to see the actress, not the play. Each theatre, moreover, has its clientele. Far away in mid-ocean you may hear one returning exile say to another, "There is a new piece at the So-and-So. I must go and see that." He does not ask what it is about, or who is in it. It is at the theatre of which he has

been an habitue, that is enough for him. He knows, or he thinks he knows, what kind of play he is likely to see at just that theatre, and goes to it accordingly. It is for this reason that it is something of a disappointment and a shock when a piece of some entirely different character from that which is usual at any one theatre is produced on its stage, "Olive Laitner's Husband" at the "Vauville," for example, gives something of the sensation we might have if we found the pages of "Robert Elsmere" bound within the covers of the "Comtes de Jean Toerne-broche." The very name of "Vauville" almost contradicts the idea of a "thinking" piece. No wonder that the man of the big monstaches came out with a sense of gloom.

There are a certain number of people who go to plays to see the dresses. Of these there are two kinds, professionals and amateurs. There is the smart lady, who wants to be smarter than her nearest and dearest friend and must go because the stage shows the dernier cri; and there are the dressmakers, who go that they may consult with their clients and say, "Did you see how the sleeves were cut in that gown which Miss M. T. wears in the last act of Mr. Mangham's latest?" Only they do not name the author, because he is, to ninety-nine hundredths of people who go to plays, a person of no importance.

It is not often that you will find an audience which has not some actors and actresses among it. It is said that it is curious how fond

they are of going to the theatre. Perhaps it would be more curious if they were not. It must be most interesting to see how the products of their art look from the other side of the footlights. They go with an earnest desire to learn, in the first place, naturally with a very great appreciation of all the points, both of the writing and the acting, and with a most generous disposition to give credit for all that is done well. There is no more generous critic of an actor or actress than another of the same trade. It is not always so in the arts.

What is more singular than the attraction which the theatre has for actors is the little attention it has for playwrights. Yet this is again not without its tolerably obvious explanation. If the professional critic is not to hear the machinery creak and see the nails and glue more than the ordinary public, how much more, again, is the playwright—the man whose work is with these materials—likely to be painfully conscious of them. If spontaneity counts for anything—and surely it counts for a very great deal—in the illusion which the playwright tries to produce, how can he hope to produce it for one who is always busy endeavoring to create the same illusion? Did not Cicero, who seldom made a joke, say that he wondered how two auspices (bird-seers, and fortune-tellers from the flight of birds) could pass each other in the street without laughing? It must surely be with something of the same consciousness that a playwright goes to see another's work

## A Nation of Little Savers

By CHARLES F. SPEARE

From the Review of Reviews.

IF you were a Frenchman with a very small surplus to invest; if, even, that surplus were but a modest franc, you might become the holder of a French Government bond. From the cradle to the grave the French subject is taught to save and to turn his earnings into safe income-producing account. The state pays a premium on thrift. It rewards its school children for various good performances with a tiny bank deposit which, invariably, will have grown into goodly size when the recipient has reached maturity. Having nursed its people through the early stages of economy it directs their steps in the choice of investments, and even assumes paternal power in arbitrarily transforming the savings bank account into government bonds, or rentes. Thrift is a national characteristic. France is a nation of little savers, of little incomes, and of little farms. Collectively, these exercise a tremendous power on the affairs of Europe. The holder of the one or two-franc bond and the possessor of the bank account, so small that bankers of other countries would scorn it, have built up a monetary power that commands the respect of the world, and, indeed, regulates the finances and politics of much more presumptuous nations.

Bonds of states and governments, of railroads with a government guarantee, bonds of cities and towns, of mortgage companies, are the Frenchman's choice. His portfolio

contains the most varied collection of government securities imaginable. It is safe to say that, in Paris, coupons are cut from the bonds of nearly every government under the sun. Too often the Frenchman gambles and loses in among shares. He will have none of his own country's industrial issues.

Something over two years ago I explored the fact that France had captured from Great Britain the title of "world's banker," and that it was to Paris instead of to London that the borrower turned his steps. The shock of this statement to British pride was considerable. It was controverted. After the 1907 panic English bankers pointed to the manner with which the Bank of England had guided the nations through the monetary crisis. By advancing its discount rate to 7 per cent., gold was automatically brought to it from all corners of Europe. With this gold, debtors, whether individuals, corporations, or governments, were satisfied. But France and the Bank of France stood in the background, and really supplied most of the yellow metal so that, when these debtors began to liquidate, they found that France and the Bank of France were, in most cases, their creditor.

To-day France, even more than in 1906, is the world's banker. Her inexhaustible supply of funds waiting for investment is the wonder and the envy of all foreign bankers.

It does not matter that you usually take the right road; one careless turning may lead you to the wrong goal.

Wars come and go, acute political crises follow fast after each other in mercantile Continental Europe, and panics flatten industry and draw sharp cleavage between creditor and debtor. Through all these changes and chances the great middle class of France continues to save enough from its income to finance countries with much greater industrial wealth and to fill the vaults of the Bank of France to overflowing with gold. The shores of France are laved with a golden flood that never seems to ebb. How could it be otherwise in a nation that so carefully trains its people to save and splits up its government debt certificates into pieces of one, two and three francs (20 to 60 cents); of whose 10,000,000 electors nine-tenths are investors, and where, of 12,500,000 savings bank depositors, over 50 per cent. have less than \$4 to their credit in bank.

Week after week, until the end of January, the financial columns of the daily press contained this statement: "Paris secured all the gold offered in the London market to-day." So it happens that, in the past year, the Bank of France has increased its gold holdings nearly \$400,000,000. The actual amount held in the middle of January was \$715,000,000, which was only exceeded by the gold in the United States Treasury, and has never been approached by a trading institution. Far it should be remembered that the Bank of France is a dynamic force in the commercial life of the nation maintaining it. Napoleon, under whose regime it was founded, enjoined his finance minister and the governors and regents of the bank to make its prime object the discounting, at a low rate of interest, of the credit obligations of all French commercial houses. Consequently, we see the petty borrower of five francs receiving as much consideration at the Bank of France as the applicant for millions, and find that, in 1906, no less than 232-

000 bills for amounts under 10 francs (\$2) were discounted and carried in the domestic portfolio of the richest bank in the world.

Nearly every nation under the sun is to-day paying golden tribute to France. She has an army of creditors, but no debtors. About two score governments have to remit interest-money to her. The interest and dividends on the capital of her small investors represent earnings in all parts of the world. The road to Paris becomes, therefore, the route of least resistance for the floating gold supplies. Paris is absorbing into her banks from 35 to 40 per cent. of the metal freshly taken from the mines. So uniformly favorable is their international credit balance to France that, since 1891, about one-fifth of all of the gold mined has found its way into the Republic. In the year following the panic the stock of gold in the chief banks of the world increased \$400,000,000. This actually equals the twelve months' production of new metal. Of this gold the Bank of France secured \$100,000,000; Bank of Germany, \$75,000,000; associated banks of New York, \$100,000,000; Bank of Russia, \$55,000,000; Bank of Italy, \$50,000,000; the Bank of Austria-Hungary, \$17,000,000; and the Bank of England about \$10,000,000. The \$1,350,000,000 gold held by France and Russia is greater than the combined holdings of the banks of other nations. In ten years gold in the Bank of France has increased \$300,000,000, while the Bank of England has been gaining less than \$50,000,000.

Prince Von Bismarck, the German Chancellor, recently gave his people the example of French thrift and industry to study. This was after the influence of French gold had impressed itself on German diplomats, and quieted their war talk. France recovered in four years from the billion-dollar indemnity of 1870, a burden imposed on a devastated land. Great Britain has just recent-

ly shaken off the debt of a far less serious war in South Africa, waged nearly a decade ago. This year, with French exports cut 50 per cent. by the empty purses of foreigners who usually buy the products of that country, France has saved enough to finance nearly all of her European neighbors.

Why is France amassing this enormous fund of gold, is she preparing for war or warding it off? We know now that her control over the money markets of Europe quickly brought harmony out of discord at the Algeiras conference in 1906, when once it threatened to be exercised. For many persons her gold supply is an index of European political sentiment. The fact should not be overlooked that it is also, and now especially, a very good barometer of trade throughout the world. All of France's commercial creditors have been paying off their loans because they could not employ the money loaned them. So capital has gone home, France has, further, preemptorily called back funds loaned abroad. The gold holdings undoubtedly do represent, in a degree, fear that the seething pot in the Near East may some day boil over. The Russian loan accounts for a fair portion of the increase. In the last analysis, however, it must be

admitted that the gold that France obtains comes to her by right as supreme international creditor.

The extent to which France has been carrying the idea of protecting her gold and keeping it at home once it gets there is shown in the high ratio between the metallic holdings of her national bank and circulating notes. These notes are covered by gold to the amount of 70 per cent. If we add to this silver the Bank of France note is secured by a metallic reserve equal to 87 per cent. This is an astonishing situation.

One cannot deny the fact that a nation that has so much idle gold suggests stagnation. Capital ought always to be earning something. In order to enlarge the supply of its funds have been recalled from lucrative foreign channels and re-loaned at lower rates of interest where they could be instantly secured. France probably deserves the charge of living within herself too much. She is trying to consume only what she produces and to economize to the last franc. Whatever her policies she commands to-day, by exacting industry and thrift, the liquid supply of capital in Europe, and will always be the best able to help that government which is in financial distress.

The man who can not control himself is like a mariner without a compass; he is at the mercy of every wind that blows. Every storm of passion, every wave of irresponsible thought buffets him hither and thither, drives him out of his course, and makes it well-nigh impossible for him to reach the goal of his desires.



By R. P. CHESTER

It was Wellington who once declared that the battle of Waterloo was won on the cricket grounds of Eton and Harrow. At those famous schools

the preparatory work was done, the physical manhood developed, that strength, self reliance and confidence which led later to victory. It is known that a general election, like any other great triumph, is not captured by a few days' or a few weeks' work. It means a labor of months—more often years. It requires long, thorough, consistent organization, discipline and instruction. Intended with this idea it is announced that the opposition to the Canadian House of Commons intend

to organize Quebec as it never was before. It is said the Conservative forces will be so well drilled that on the date of the next Federal engagement the result will not be eleven Con-

servatives, fifty-three Liberals and representative of the Labor Party, which was the verdict of that province in October last. The man, who

has the campaign of education and enlightenment in hand, who will lead the attack, see that every district is properly organized, meetings held, and addresses delivered on the political issues of the day and the work of the past session, is Frederick Dehartzel Monk. He is the able, trusty lieutenant of R. L. Borden, and recently was offered and accepted the position of leader of the Conservative party in Lower Canada. Mr Monk is a lawyer by profession and a politician by instinct. He loves the smell of party powder and to hear the roar of dissent commencing. Foul of political life, in the last four elections he has been successful in his own coun-

stituency—Jacques Cartier. He is a gentleman of quiet, dignified bearing with all the culture and grace of a French-Canadian, though decidedly English in appearance. Possessed of good judgment and a strong will, he has a calm judicial mind and is a ready, brilliant debater in both French and English. He is not an extremist, his attitude on all topics of national importance being marked, by breadth of sentiment and liberality of utterance. His father, the late Hon. Samuel Cornwallis Monk, was a judge of the Court of Queen's Bench for Quebec, and a gentleman of English descent, coming originally from Devonshire. Mr. Monk's mother was of French extraction, so that the man, who will uphold the Conservative cause down east during the next election, possesses the best elements and characteristics of the two races. He is often referred to by his admirers as an Englishman of French birth and a Frenchman with an English name.

Has the time come for the sanitarians to turn from our old friend

the chained dipper and its polite successor, the glass tumbler, as a medium for the slaking of thirst in schools, parks, and public buildings, generally? Has the time arrived when we may accept the "bubble fountain" as a practical, everyday fixture, tending to cleanliness and sanitation and not as a fad? The fixture was introduced in Washington five years ago, as more or less of a novelty. "Bubble fountains" may be divided roughly into two classes; those in which there is a valve by which the drinkers cause the stream to flow, and the type commonly called continuous flow. These two classes may each be divided into two types; in one of which the water spouts directly upward from a nozzle, and in the other the stream from the spout is retarded by a small mass of water to give ease to the act of drinking. The arrangement in every case compels the drinker to drink directly from the top of the stream, without the lips coming in contact with any part of the fixture.



F. D. MONK  
The new leader of the Conservative  
Party in Quebec.



A Sanitary Drinking Fountain



MRS. HESTER OLIPHANT

Winner of the prize for the best essay on a Canadian Boy.

The \$400 prize offered by the Navy League for the best essay on, "Why Canada Should Have a Navy of Her Own," was won by Mrs. W. Hester Oliphant, of Toronto. The competition was open to any one who desired to enter, the only condition being that contributions should not exceed in length 6,000 words. Mrs. Oliphant became interested only after seeing the advertisement in a local paper asking for articles on the subject. She had never written anything except papers on musical topics, which she read before several clubs of which she is a member. Mrs. Oliphant is a native of Toronto, and greatly interested in all movements pertaining to the work and welfare of women.

Are our fellow-citizens of German extraction loyal? How would they regard a struggle between England and Germany? These are questions which many a Canadian has been asking during the last few months. They were well answered by A. J. du Toit Stock M.P. during the last session of the Ontario Legislature.

Mr. Stock is of German extraction and has lived practically all his life in the county of Perth, which was peopled largely by Germans. During the course of a debate a speaker in referring to the Quebec Tercentenary Celebration, made use of these words: "On St. Andrew's Day let the Scottish flag fly on St. George's, the English, on St. Patrick's the Irish and on Jean de Baptiste's the tri-color." Mr. Stock, in reply, pointed out that the speaker had overlooked the Germans. "I did not expect the honorable gentleman," said he, "to say let the German flag fly on certain occasions, but he might at least have said, let the German sing his patriotic songs." (A voice, "Die Wacht am Rhein.") "Yes, 'Die Wacht am Rhein' and 'Deutschland Deutschland über alles,' with the word Canada in place of the word Deutschland; and while teaching his children, our young Canadians 'Die Wacht am Rhein,' the German-Canadian will remind them that we have a Rhine in Canada as a grander



A. J. DU TOIT STOCK M.P.



SIR JOHN JACKSON

Contractor for the new railway across the Andes.

scale than the Rhine of the Fatherland—a Rhine extending from the head of Lake Superior to the Atlantic Ocean, with falls far more majestic at Niagara and scenery down among the Thousand Islands more lovely and exquisite than even the German Rhine can boast. Thus the German-Canadian implants into his offspring the same love and affection for their native land, Canada, as fills his heart for his Fatherland. Our Canadians of German descent do not ask any favors nor special notice, but they do not consider it necessary to be continually overlooked. The German citizen may have his weaknesses, but he has also his good qualities, peculiar to his nationality which, intermingled with the best qualities of the English, Scotch, Irish, French and other foreign elements in Canada, will build up a national character not to be equaled in the world."

Sir John Jackson, head of the great firm who have secured the contract for the construction of a new railway across the Andes, is one of the most eminent of British civil engineers and contractors for public works. Among the undertakings now being carried out by his

firm are the Admiralty Docks at Devonport, the Admiralty Harbor at Simon's Bay, Singapore Harbor, and the Tyne Breakwater. They were also responsible for the foundations of the Tower Bridge, Dover Harbor, and the last section of the Manchester Ship Canal. The new railway will run from Arica, in Chile (sacked by Drake in 1579), to La Paz, in Bolivia, and is estimated to cost £3,000,000.

The story of Sir Donald Currie's life is one of the romances of successful trade. Genius, like murder, will out, and the man with the right stuff in him will come to the front, even if his start in life be, as it is said to have been in the case of Sir Donald, in the humble calling of a barber's boy. Genius, however, requires to be allied to pluck, and of that quality the man who started the "Castle" line to South Africa, and ran it on liberal lines which, in the long run, brought the older-established "Union" to terms and amalgamation, was not wanting. Sir Donald's friendship with Mr. Gladstone is, of course, the fact in his life best known to the public. The voyage with Tennyson in the Pem-



THE LATE SIR DONALD CURRIE

A great shipowner.

broke Castle is, and deserves to be, an historic event. Three reigning Sovereigns and our present Queen visited the distinguished party on board. Noctes ambrosiæ indeed marked those evenings in the North European summer, with Gladstone and Tennyson for companions, have been for the successful man of affairs.

A record of twenty-three years in public life without a single defeat



SENATOR J. H. MCCOLL

A notable Australian, who has been entering the Dominion.

at the polls is somewhat unusual at the present time when constituencies are prone to change representatives every ten or twelve years. The legislator with this fortunate political career is Senator James H. McColl, an interesting visitor from the Commonwealth of Australia, who has been in Canada during the past month and is now traveling through the western provinces on his way home. Senator McColl has a rather unique personality, and for a politician is a mixture of many virtues.

He is a consistent advocate of no-man suffrage and has supported every measure, having in view the extension of the franchise to the wives and daughters of the antipodes. He is an energetic worker in and president of the Young Men's Christian Association in his own city, Bendigo, Victoria, a Sunday school superintendent, a Presbyterian, a prominent farmer, a Liberal and a deputy chairman of the Australian Senate. In addition he has served the people of the Commonwealth for a generation or more in various legislative capacities. Senator McColl came to America as a delegate to the Dry Farming Congress, which was held recently in Cheyenne, Wyoming. Since then he has been traveling extensively both in Canada and the United States, gathering information on agricultural and other matters which will be of use in his own country. He expects to reach home in June, in time for the assembling of the Commonwealth Parliament. He first entered the Victoria Parliament in 1886, being elected for the same district that his father had represented for five years. He sat for this constituency for fifteen years, during which time he filled the positions of Minister of Mines and Water Supply in the Government of Sir James Patterson, Minister of Lands in the administration of Hon. Allan McLean. On the inauguration of the Commonwealth he forsook state politics and stood for the district of Enchira, which included his previous constituency. He was successful and continued to sit as a member of the House of Representatives until 1897, when he resigned to become a candidate for the Senate. That body is elected by the vote of the people, the term for each member being six years, three senators retiring every three years. The retiring Senator, Simon Fraser, an old Canadian, headed the polls with Mr. McColl second, he being 53,000 votes ahead of the third man. His long

career as a politician uninterrupted by a single defeat, testifies to the respect in which the Senator is held. He is a man of broad views, constructive ideas and sound judgment and is deeply interested in agriculture, a pure water supply and other progressive measures.

A career full of inspiration to young men is that of William J. Rogers, of New York. His life work affords a valuable lesson to youth, of what may be achieved by persistency, pluck and integrity. In the early sixties young Rogers, who was the son of a New York provision dealer, was a clerk in a small grocery store in the metropolis. When the American Civil War broke out, both he and his father enlisted. After two years of hard campaigning the son returned to civil life. Out of work, he advertised for a job, getting three replies, two of which he discarded. The third offer was to drive a milk wagon for the New York City Condensed Milk Company, the enterprise which Gail Borden had then but recently begun to popularize. This was in 1863. Just twenty-one years later the industrious and resourceful driver, so steady his progress, became manager of the Borden's Condensed Milk Co. (successors to N. Y. City Condensed Milk Co.) subsequently succeeding to the presidency. His directing influence had permeated every department of the business. He possessed rare faculties of discernment, and was conscientious in discharging even the smallest details of duty. The condensed milk industry was then new. The public was slow in comprehending the importance of a pure food supply. Young Rogers foresaw that a plan of education and enlightenment was necessary. This he carried through to a remarkable degree of success, through the employment of many well-laid plans of a fertile brain. By a policy of honorable treatment to all with whom he came in contact and the judicious selection of capable assistants, Mr. Rogers had



WILLIAM J. ROGERS

the satisfaction of seeing the business grow to tremendous proportions. In 1884, after being for some time an invaluable aid to Mr. Klemm, the former secretary and manager, Mr. Rogers succeeded to that double office upon his death. Several years later H. Lee Borden declared to the company that, while he appreciated the honor of being its president, he felt it but right that the man who actually did the work and whose directing influence permeated every department should also ostensibly hold the office. He was then elected president of the company, and as its president he still continues, after a service of nearly half a century. Having attained a high position in industrial life, William J. Rogers has again and again been solicited to let his name, if not his power, be used in the development of other enterprises, but always in vain. Of modest disposition, he has preferred to do one thing and do it well, and his first duty has been, and, no doubt, will continue to be, to the company in whose history of success he has borne so important a part.



MRS. GILMAN'S new book is in no sense a sequel to her first great success, "The Visits of Elizabeth," though some of the same persons appear in it, and it is told in the same form of letters to her mother. The earlier volume applied to French and English things and people—an ingenious and amusing power of observation. This time it is America that comes in for the fun. Elizabeth has married, and is now Marchioness of Valmond.

"Harry," the Marquis, lord and master, taking offense at a flirtation she indulges in, goes off to Africa to shoot lions, while Elizabeth visits America. The pretty Marchioness has a little fun here, too, but in the end "Harry" comes over after her, and they make it up. The author of "Three Weeks" kept her eyes open in the United States, as is evidenced by the following extracts from her new publication:

#### BEING INTERVIEWED

America is too quaint. Crowds of reporters came on board to interview me! We never dreamed that they would bother just private people, but it was because of the title, I suppose. You was furious, but Octavia was delighted. She said she wanted to see all the American customs and, if talking to reporters was one of them, she wanted that too. So she was sweetly gracious and never told them a word of truth.

When we actually landed female ones attacked me, but Octavia who

as you know, doesn't really care for women, was not nearly so nice to them, and their articles in the papers about me are virulent!

#### AT SILVER'S

Everything is so amusing\* and we have had a delightful evening. It is more like Paris than England, because one wears a hat at dinner, which I always think looks so much better in a restaurant. The party was about eighteen, and I sat next the host. American men, as far as I have yet seen, are quite another sex to English or French—I mean you feel more as if you were out with kind Aunts or Grandmothers or benevolent Uncles than just men. They don't try to make the least love to you or say things with two meanings, and they are perfectly brotherly and serious, unless they are telling anecdotes with American humor—and that is so subtle. It is something that makes you laugh the moment you hear it, you have not to think a scrap. When they are not practically English, like the ones we see in London, every season, they wear such funny clothes—often velvet collars on their coats! and the shoulders padded out so that every man is perfectly square, but everything looks extraordinarily well sewn and lined, and everybody is clean shaven; and Octavia says it takes at least two hundred years of gently bred ancestors to look like a gentleman clean shaven in evening dress—so perhaps that is why lots of them have the appearance of actors.

#### AMERICAN HOUSEWIVES.

American husbands fetch and carry and come to heel like trained spaniels

and it is perfectly lovely; everything is so simple. If you happen to get bored with your husband, or he has a cold in his head, or anything that gets on your nerves, or you suddenly fancy some other man, you have not got all the bother and subterfuge of taking him for a lover and chancing a scandal like in England. You simply get your husband to let you divorce him, and make him give you heaps of money, and you keep the children if you happen the want them; or—there is generally only one—you agree to give that up for an extra million if he fancies it; and then you go off and marry your young man when he is free; because all American men are married, and he will have had to get his wife to divorce him. But when it is all "through," then it is comfortable and tidy, only the families get mixed after a while, and people have to be awfully careful not to ask them out to dinner together.

#### RICH PEOPLE'S HOUSES.

Our bedrooms are marvels. Mine is immense, with two suites of impossible rococo Louis XV. furniture in it; the richest curtains with heaps of arranged draperies and fringe, grand writing-table things, a few embroidered cushions; but no new books, or comfy sofas, or look of cosy anywhere. The bathrooms to each room are superb; miles beyond one's ideas of them in general at home. Tom says he can't sleep because the embroidered monograms on the pillows and things scratch his cheek, and the lace frills tickle his nose, while he catches his toes in the Venetian insertion in the sheets. The linen itself is the finest you ever saw. Mamma, and would be too exquisite plain. Now one knows where all those marvellously over-worked things in the Paris shops go to, and all the wonderful gold-incrusted Carlished glass. You meet it here in every house.

There is no room in it where there is any look of what we call "home," and not one shabby thing. Mrs. Speist has a "boudoir"—and it is a

boudoir! It is as if you went into the best shop and said, "I want a boudoir"; just as you would, "I want a hat," and paid for it and brought it home with you. Natalie has a sitting-room, and it is just the same. They are not quite far enough up yet on the social ladder to have every corner of the establishment done by Devereux, and the result is truly appalling.

The food is wonderful, extraordinarily good; but although the footmen are English, they don't wait anything like as well as if they had re-



ELIZABETH VOSS

Whose "Elizabeth Voss America" has just been published.

mained at home; and Octavia's old maid, Wilbur, told her the hurly-burly downstairs is beyond description; scattering their meals anywhere, with no time or etiquette or housekeeper's room; all, everyone for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. And the absolutely disrespectful way they speak of their master and mistress—machines to make money out of, they seem to think them.

#### A PHILADELPHIA HOME.

Kitty's house is the sweetest place, rather in the country, and just made



of wood with a shingle roof; but so quaint, and people look at it with the same sort of reverence. We look at Adams's farm, which was built in fourteen hundred, you remember? This one was put up before the Revolution, in Colonial days, and it has a verandah in front running up with Ionic pillars all in wood like a parson. Inside it is just an English home—do you hear, Mamma? I said home! because it is the first we have seen. And it came as some new thing, and to be appreciated, to find the furniture a little shabby from having been in the same place so long; and the pictures most of them rather bad, but really ancestral; and the drawing-room and our bedrooms lovely and bright with flowery chintzes, fresh and shiny, no tapestry and wonderful brocade; and the tablecloths plain, and no lace on the sheets, nor embroideries to scratch the ear. It shows what foolish creatures of habit we are, because in the other houses there has been every possible thing one could want, and masterpieces of art and riches and often beauty; but just because Kitt's house is like a home, and has the indescribable atmosphere of gentle owners for generations, we like it the best!

#### SOCIAL RIVALRIES.

Among the married women there are two distinct sets here in the inner cream, the one which Valerie leads, and which has everything like England, and does not go in for any of those wonderful entertainments where elephants do the walking with their trunks, or you sit in golden swings over a lake while suns culm with the food on trays on their lances—I am exaggerating, of course, but you know what I mean. Valerie says all that is in shocking taste, which, of course, it is. She never has anything eccentric, each splendid presents at her collations, and all the diplomats from Washington come over, and the whole tone of her house is exactly as it is at home, except that many of them are brighter and more amusing than we are.

Then the other set is the "go one better set"—that is the best way I can describe it. If one has a party one week, another must have a finer one the week after, and so on, until thousands and thousands of dollars are spent on flowers, for instance, for one afternoon; and in it nothing is like England. I believe it must be purely American, or perhaps one ought to say New York.

#### AMERICAN GIRLS.

The whole tenor in morning, of the girls, is "fling about," even in the street, but no other nation can compare to them in their exquisitely spruce, exquisitely soigne appearance, and their perfect feet and superlatively perfect boots, and short tailored dresses. To see Fifth Avenue on a bright day, morning or afternoon, is like a procession of glowing flowers passing. Minors of fifteen with merry, roving eyes, women of all ages all as beautifully dressed as it is possible to be, swinging along to the soda-water fountain shops where you can get candy and ice-cream and lovely chocolates. No one has that dragged, too long in the back and too short in the front look, of lots of English women ludding up their garments in a frightful fashion. Here they are too sensible; they have perfect short skirts for walking, and look too dainty and attractive for words. Also there are no old people much—a few old women, but never any old men. I suppose they all die off with their hard life.

#### "SALES LADIES."

Yesterday Octavia and I went to a "department store" to buy, among other things, some of their lovely really-made costumes to take out west with us, and it was so amusing; the young ladies at the ribbon counter were chatting with the young ladies at the flowers, divided by a high set of drawers, so they had to climb up or sneak through the passage opening. Presently after we had tried to attract their attention, one condescended

to serve us, while she finished her conversation with her friend round the corner perfectly indifferent as to our wants, or if we bought or not. The friend surveyed us and chewed gum. But when we got to the costume salon, they were most polite. Two perfect dears attended to us, and were so sympathetic as to our requirements, and talked intelligently and well on outside subjects. Octavia and I felt we were leaving old friends when we went. Why should you be rude measuring off ribbons, and polite showing clothes?

#### PULLMAN CARS.

The sleeping cars are too amusing. Picture to yourself the arrangement of seats I told you about going to the Spoleto, with a piece put in between to make into a bed, and then another bed arranged on top, these going all down each side and just divided from the aisle by green curtains; so that if A. likes to take a top berth and B. an underneath one, they can bend over their edges, and chat together all night, and no one would know except for the lamp in the curtains. But fancy having to crouch up and dress on one's bed! And when Octavia and I peeped out of our drawing-room this morning we saw heaps of unattractive looking arms and legs protruding, while the struggle to get into clothes was going on.

#### A PITTSBURGH MILLIONAIRE.

A millionaire travelling alone, whom the Senator knew, joined us for the meal. He was such a wonderful person, the first of just this kind we have met yet, although we are told there are more like him in Pittsburgh and Chicago.

He was thick-set everywhere, a bull neck and fierce moustache and bushy eyebrows, and gave one the impression of sledge-hammer force. The whole character seemed to be so dominated and obsessed by an immense personal audacity, that his conversation created in our minds the doubt

that qualities which required so much tanning could really be there. It was his wonderful will which had won his game, his wonderful diplomacy, his wonderful knowledge of men, his clever perceptiveness, his supreme tact; so short, his everything in the world. The slightest show of a contrary opinion to anything he said, was instantly pointed upon and annihilated. I do wonder, Mamma, if two of his sort got together what their conversation would be about? Would they shoot one another down, each saying he was perfect, and so end in thunder or silence? Or would they contradict each other immediately and come to blows; or would they realize it was no use boasting to one of their own species, and so talk business or be quiet?

#### A MIXING TOWN DANCE.

There was a Master of Ceremonies who called out the dances, and not more than ten or twelve couples were allowed to dance each time, two-steps and waltzes, and without exception it is the finest dancing I have ever seen—the very poetry of Motion. Nothing violent or rude, or like a servants' ball at home, although they held their partners a little more clasped than we do. But in spite of their funny holding, or perhaps on account of it, there is a peculiar movement of the feet, perfect grace and rhythm and glide, which I have never seen at a real ball. One could understand it was a pure delight to them, and they felt every note of the music. They treated Octavia and me with the courtesy fit for queens, and some of them told us delightful things of shootings and blood-curdling adventures, and all with a delicious twinkle in the eye, as much as to say, "We are keeping up the character of the place to please you." We did enjoy ourselves. The Senator says this quality of perfect respect for women is universal in the mining camps. And any nice woman is absolutely safe amongst them. I think there ought to be mining camps to teach men manners all over Europe.



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The American Philanthropist, Gilbert K. Chest-  
erton—Hampden's  
The Spirit of Cathedral Walls, Philip Verill  
Mills—St. Peter's Weekly (May 10)  
The Woman's Congressional Club, Mrs. Henry  
T. Bailey—New England Magazine  
The Peace Side of Indian Home Life, F. G.  
Moorhead—Belmont  
The Shipping Fleet, M. M. Green—Love Hand  
—Toronto  
The Abolition of Patents, I. Lawrence Lytle  
—Belmont's  
The Indiscreet Negro, Horace Jackson—Hamp-  
den's Magazine  
The Man Who Stopped a War, Patrick Casey—  
Full Mail  
The Two Largest Railroads, George Frederick  
Kane—Century  
A New Religion Proposed, Arthur E. P. Kim-  
ball—Century  
The Hard Work of a Foreign Tour, Charles  
Kane—Belmont  
Italy's Tribute to Our Red Cross—Toronto  
Digest (May 15)  
The Conservation of the Bitter Lake—Mc-  
Tear's  
Armed the King, George, Philip—London Ma-  
gazine (May 1)  
Who the Pacific Slope Hates the Japanese, Bill  
Brown—Pittsburgh (May 1)  
The Godchildren of New York, Rev. Standard  
Baker—McTear's  
Mr. Doolittle on Women's Suffrage, F. P. Benson  
—American

### Municipal and Local Government.

What Are We Going to do About our Roads,  
Albert C. Campbell—Baker's Eye  
New York City, a Government by Organized  
Citizens—McTear's

### Nature and Outdoor Life.

What England Can Teach us About Living Out-  
doors, Gilbert, Miller—Country Life in  
America  
The Oxford Hunter, Franklin Clarke—McTear's  
Magazine  
Wood Life, A. S. Nimrod—Oxford

### Political and Commercial.

A Peace Proposition, Edward Everett Hale—  
Christianity  
National Immigration in the Pacific Northwest, C.  
J. Winchester—Pittsburgh Monthly  
The Angkorian East Resources—American Review  
of Reviews  
China's Neglected Foreign Policy—American Re-  
view of Reviews

Peace's Regular Work (This—American Review of  
Reviews)

The National Peace Congress—The Public  
(May 14)  
The Railroads and the Anti-Trust Law, Samuel  
O. Dunn—World To-Day  
The Land of the Muskies, Lewis Gaston Lewis  
—World To-Day  
A National Impression, Longene, George E.  
Bartlett—World To-Day  
American Trade Reform—Saturday Review  
(May 1)  
How Russia Nearly Angered Our Pacific Coast,  
Gertrude Anderson—North American Review  
Canada and the Peace Bill, Edward Morris—  
North American Review  
Germany the Cause of Disturbance in Europe—  
North American Review  
The Commercial Crisis, C. H. Kilmann—Love  
Hand (April)  
Labor Legislation in England and its Lessons  
for America, T. Good—McTear's Magazine  
Italy and Federal Policy, Edgmond Kane—Bel-  
mont's Review (May 1)  
The French Government—Saturday Review  
(May 1)  
Bismarck as International Trade, Leslie M.  
Haupt—Century

The Progress of Uniform Legislation—World's  
Work  
Our Trade in the Orient—World's Work  
The Provability of Nations, International War  
or Peace—Christianity  
The New World of Trade, Samuel Hopkins  
Adams—Century (May 21)  
Canada of the Future, Prince Edward Island in  
1950—Century (May 21)  
Our National Heritage, The Danger of Con-  
fiscating Our Resources, Agnes C. Lutz—  
Oxford  
The New Canada, James H. Collins—Saturday  
Evening Post (May 21)

### Railroad and Transportation.

Cabinets Traveling, Raymond S. Spence—  
Country Life in America  
The Railways of Germany—McTear's Magazine  
The Railways of Mexico—McTear's Magazine  
Common Sense in Automobile Traveling, Harry  
B. Holmes—Hampden  
The Railways of England, Charles F. Benson—  
McTear's Magazine  
How Railroads Might be Built—American Re-  
view of Reviews  
Prizes and the Spread of Automobileism—Am-  
erican Review of Reviews

### Religion.

The American Church on Trial, Hugh C. Wet-  
ter—Putnam's  
The Awakened Church, Shailer Mathews—World  
To-Day  
The Crisis in the Syrian Protestant College of  
Beirut—Monks Review of The World  
The Church and the Crisis in China—Monks  
Review of The World

About Mount Holyoke Has Done for Religion, Mrs.  
Anna Hemeny—Pittsburgh Courier, (May 1)  
Monks Review  
Christianity and Social Life in India, Lady K.  
Grove—Monks Review  
The Trials for Church Training, G. S. J.  
F. Howe, L. C. A.—St. Peter's (May 18)  
The Church's Attitude Toward Social Living  
M. A. Tarrington—North American Review  
The Nature and Truth of Christianity, Dr.  
Parker—Young Men

### Science and Invention.

The Chugget of the Air, Count Zeppelin—  
Putnam's  
A Traveling Bridge for Railroads, Construction  
Literary Digest (May 14)  
Pan-American Scientific Longness, S. H. How-  
ard—Review of Reviews  
Lost Art of Tompkins, Capper, Hildebrandt  
Roland Ashford Phillips—Toronto  
Experimenting With Death, Rev. Chas. H. Stet-  
son—World

### Sports and Pastimes.

What the Camper Needs to Know About Trees,  
K. C. Brown—Saturday Life  
The Winter Fox Hunt in Northern Ontario,  
John Arthur Hopper—Red and Green  
Bass Fishing in Skopje Lake, W. H. Hinkson—  
Red and Green  
Gold Strikes That Will Improve Your Scene,  
Walter F. Travis—Country Life in America  
The Camp Fire and How to Make It, A. T. D-  
dley—Hampden's  
Angling, One of the Privileges of the Modern  
Woman, Elizabeth Shaw, (Over-Country  
Life in America)  
Golf in Egypt, Horace Swathmore—Toronto  
(May 1)  
Cricket in a Small Yard, Charles Pears—Red-  
mond's (May 1)  
Boys A-Fishing, Oliver Kemp—Saturday  
College Athletics in Public Schools, Ralph D.  
Paine—Hampden  
Organized Yachting for Boys, Ernest Brum-  
by—Hampden  
Trout Fishing in The Big Horn Range, K. S.  
Morgan—Hampden  
A Variation on the Game, Elizabeth A. Train-  
—Hampden  
Camping in the Genesee Country Lakes, J. J.  
—Hampden  
Canoes and How to Manage Them, Dr. Ben-  
dix—Hampden  
The Triumph of the Camera, Arthur Herbert—  
Campanella  
The Trail of a Boy, David T. Jones—Hap-  
pen—Evening Post  
The People Meet, Arthur Chapin—  
Good Housekeeping  
A Game Trip Without Games, The Chaperon-  
Good Housekeeping  
Hunting in British East Africa, Peter L. Ma-  
don—Metropolitan

## The Stage.

Miss. Eames' Vaudeville: A Final Word to the Sports-going Public. Kansas—Pittsburg.  
 Women of the Great High L. Men—Hamp-  
 ton's  
 The Stage of the Season. George Jean Nathan  
 —Belmont.  
 The Modern Among French Dramatists. George  
 Henry. Paine—Harper's North (May 15).  
 Dramatic Comedies and Some New Plays. Allan  
 Hale—Contemporary.

## Travel and Description.

A Globe Trotter's Impressions of India. George  
 Coit—Magnum.  
 Alaska from the Inside. N. H. Castle—Russett  
 (Map).  
 Central America: A Land of Good Intentions.  
 Kibbe—Russett—Pacific Monthly.  
 The Southwestern People of the World.  
 Charles W. Fenwick—Harper's Magazine.  
 A Garden Palace of the East. Charles Lorrimer  
 —Scientific Monthly.  
 Touring the Alps. Robert C. Acid—Travel Mag-  
 azine.  
 A Motor Run to Atlantic City. Arthur E.  
 Kesteven—Travel Magazine.  
 The Greatest Zoological Park in the World.  
 Elmer H. Sanderson—Metropolitan Magazine.  
 New Auto for New Travel. W. T. Prosser—  
 National World.  
 Camping in the High Sierras. Anna Dethard  
 —Country—Country Life in America.  
 Is the Canadian Rockies with a Camera.  
 George D. Pratt—Country Life in America.  
 The New South American. Argentine. Paul S.  
 Brauer—World to Day.  
 Beyond the Western. Sherris. Dallas Wallace—  
 Outlook.

Strong. American. John T. Brunsall—Good  
 Housekeeping.  
 The Victoria Falls. Rhodesia. Lady Leckie—  
 Robinson (May).  
 The Colorado Canyon. Paul W. M. Leckie—  
 Geographical Journal.  
 Doing the Grand Canyon. John T. McCutcheon  
 —Applegate's.  
 Motor's Latest Open Motors. Charles Leckie  
 Reane—New England Magazine.  
 Through the Rocky Mountains on Horseback.  
 Mrs. Edward N. Liddell—Riviera.  
 Switzerland. Samuel G. M. W. M. Leckie—  
 A Morning Ride to Kells. Dr. W. R. Kells—  
 Irish—Outlook.  
 The Alps in the World. Edwin Ann. Dr. Outlook.  
 A. A. Leckie in Paris. Edward T. Leckie—  
 Outlook.  
 Experiences On the Labrador. Dr. W. R. Kells—  
 Irish—Outlook.

## Women and the Home.

Our Unhappy-Dog-Dead. Highland Knight.  
 Kesteven—Harper's Magazine.  
 The Care and Cleaning of Fur. Marion Tait—  
 Delicater.  
 A Talk to Parents About Bohemia. Anne  
 Evans—Delicater.  
 Training Girls in the Strong. Mrs. Kesteven.  
 Experiences—Woman's Home Companion.  
 Home Problems. Margaret E. Kesteven—Wo-  
 man's Home Companion.  
 Concerning the Profits and Vegetation of Early  
 Summer. Gerald S. McCarthy—Scientific  
 Life.  
 The Union Tragedy of the Farmer's Wife. N.  
 A. D. Pratt—Delicater.  
 On Marriage and the Working Woman. Anne  
 G. Hagan—Scientific.  
 Women in the Making of America. H. A. Leckie  
 See News—Scientific.

## Aim Within Your Scope

Success, they tell us, comes from aiming high. I think it oftener comes from aiming low, from aiming within one's scope. Suppose, for instance, that the average reporter aiming high devoted his life to the composition of Shakespearean tragedies or Miltonic epics—do you think he would succeed? Ah, no. Let us then aim at what we stand some chance of hitting. It is they who strive to leave footprints in the sands of time who alas, most frequently get stuck in the mud.

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### Writerpress Inking Carriage.

THE accompanying cut illustrates the Driver Inking Carriage. This device is designed for use on the Writerpress and has in addition the regular roller mechanism for printing, in automatic inking roller mechanism of ink with the necessary mechanism to bring it into contact with the type while the printed sheet is being delivered and out of contact while the sheet is printed.

The Driver Inking Carriage may be instantly removed from the unit, the same as the regular carriage, and is used when the typewriter ribbon effect is not required, as on office letters, price lists, quotations, illustrations, line cuts, etc. Prints from any size or style of printer's type or flat plates. Full information concerning

writing the same as an ordinary clock. It prints in a straight line at plain regular type the year, month, day, hour, minute and second, at the exact moment the plunger is pressed. The clocks are perfectly adapted to any office, no matter how small.

Unauthorized persons cannot tamper with the Standard Time Stamp for the type should be continuously and positively locked. This also prevents shifting while in operation, so that taking further time the record is safeguarded with.

Features: railroad, banking and mercantile houses, hotels, clubs, libraries, telephone exchange.



Driver Inking Carriage

this carriage can be secured from the Writerpress Company, Hamilton.

### Standard Time Stamp.

Extremely well known in business circles, the Standard Time Stamp is a device which prints the date, month, day, hour, minute and second, and is used for stamping the time when orders are to be filled. This use of the Standard Time Stamp for stamps on such notes.

It may be used for stamping the exact time letters, telegrams or telephone messages are received or delivered, orders for goods placed and filled, papers or documents filed, bills paid. It is low and unobtrusive, business and gives the staff in the economy of its design.

This article contains no advertising matter. It is

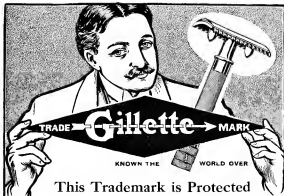


Standard Time Automatic Stamp

graph and message service companies, hotels, banks, hotels, public offices, and in all other places where time is of importance. It will not be included in this stamp, as it is not considered in business circles.

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has been a rather difficult and complicated procedure, but the new system is now made easy to the sales department of any firm by a handy little "trouble book" known as the Comco Troubleshooting Guide, put out on the market by the Comco Sales Bureau, London, Ont.

In business many repairs are made over



Comco Troubleshooting Guide

ordinary shorts or breaks in that it is always ready for immediate reference, indicates time and place and will tell you as to how to fix the trouble. This outfit together with a few simple and reasonable electric codes at small cost, and on the back of each sheet is a list of the twelve branches will visit during the coming week while a sales manager may absent him or herself.

The Comco Troubleshooting Guide is now being sold every home repair and every electrician should have one of its simplicity, convenience and compactness.

## The Dictograph

How to convey the time and relation of the activities of the modern business world is a serious problem. In the great organizations of today the utmost efficiency of operation must be attained.

The installing of the dictograph, known in the armed forces as the "hot machine" between the executive and his associates in establishing business and communication with them without a telephone to be talked into or a secretary to be left to the car.

The dictograph, as it appears on the steel clerk's desk, consists of a small box containing an extraordinarily sensitive transmitter and a loudspeaking receiver. An eraser receiver is also provided. On the front of the box are a number of simple electric switches and signals. That is all there is to the "master system." Even less complicated are the "sub-stations" which are installed on the desks of the subordinates and each of which is connected by wire to the master station where it transmits in a switch and signal.

To describe a little for example the executive transfer one of the little boxes on the dictograph box. This signals the transcriber, and his reply consists of the first one or two words he was actually sitting back over his desk, though in reality, she is sitting at her own desk

on another room. If the dictator wishes, he may speak about the matter while dictating, speaking part of the time with his back turned, yet every syllable is caught by the transcriber through the sensitive electric ear on his employer's desk. Should answer of reply be desired, he may where the loudspeaking receiver and use the eraser provided.

Apart from the advantages in time-saving and in controlling the affairs of one's office, it will be seen how totally different from the ordinary telephone the dictograph is. Out has with it from above, the little box is always ready to listen, and through it there may pass a rapid flow of telegrams, letters and memoranda for transcribers to write, orders for department heads to carry out, questions and long paragraphs to read from colleagues—short conversations of all kinds that result in getting things done.

Then there is the money attended. The physical presence of a transcriber or other person in the private office has a distracting effect under some circumstances. With a home system, that has gone away because the grand job felt unable to talk freely. With this apparatus, assistants can be called in and dismissed instantly. By utilizing the eraser to remove, rearrange or answer may be provided him the credit man or general counsel during an interview with a business officer, without the latter's knowledge.

Where this system is installed customers may be held aside the wire without any of the nervousness leaving their desks. It makes the office



Dictating through the Dictograph

convenient to speak to a department head, manager, bookkeeper or other employee without waiting an instant of either his own time or that of the employee. The attention of the person addressed is not distracted from his own work, and even then it would be by some one coming up to his desk to ask a question.

The apparatus, which is made in the National Dictograph Company of New York, has already been installed in several prominent banks, trust companies and large commercial institutions in New York, Chicago and elsewhere. It is put in on a rental basis and the company guarantees all installations.

## "THE TELEGRAPH OF THE FUTURE"

EFFICIENCY, ACCURACY AND ECONOMY OF THE NEW TELEPOST SYSTEM

A year ago comparatively few people would have understood what any one was talking about had the word "Telepost" been heard in a casual conversation. Now, however, there is probably not a Canadian community reached by Uncle Sam's mails and certainly not one in the United States that does not know something definite about this new and really wonderful system of automatic telegraphy that sends messages whizzing over the wires at the speed of a thousand words a minute. The Telepost is the perfected result of



Inventor Delany and Chief Engineer Larkins working on a Telepost instrument which has been "knocked down" to a speed to permit reading by sound.

many years of scientific effort to achieve what electricians regarded as the inevitable outcome of the telegraphic art, the mechanical transmission of messages. Several inventors devised machinery that would automatically transmit messages at high speed, and as early as 1879 one of the systems was put into experimental operation in the United States. Unfortunately for those earlier inventions, the electricians were unable to cope with their arch-enemy, the "static" charge of a telegraph wire. Therefore, while the system worked splendidly in favorable weather conditions, it was "put out of commission" by atmospheric changes, induction currents, and other disturbances and rendered impracticable. Other automatons were brought forth, but in each instance the "static" interfered so persistently with their operation that continuous service could not be maintained. After these futile experiments de-

scribed in general came to the conclusion that, ideal as automatic telegraphy was in theory, it could not be realized in successful practice. But Mr. Patrick B. Delany, an expert electrical engineer and the inventor of many telegraphic improvements, in native of Ireland, by the way, announced to his friend and associate, Mr. Thomas A. Edison, that he was going after "static," as he believed the problem could be solved to patient effort.

He devoted himself with determined energy to experiments which he hoped would make him master of the principle. He devised new mechanisms and applied new theories to the working-out of a system that occupied him for fifteen years before he finally discovered how to deal with "static" which may be described to the lay mind as the excess electricity with which a wire is saturated, and which must be "cleared" before signals can be sent. It is a very tricky element. In 1900 he obtained from the United States government a basic patent on his invention for the control and use of the "static"—a patent that gave him, and through him the Telepost Company, the exclusive right to the only method by which rapid automatic telegraphy is possible. He succeeded where many earnest and brilliant predecessors failed, for the Delany System of Rapid Automatic Telegraphy, known as the Telepost, has consistently demonstrated its reliability and efficiency in every kind of weather, under the most exacting conditions, and sends its one thousand words a minute through wires whose influences make hand transmission impossible. It is now in operation in parts of New England and in some of the states of the Middle West.

Remarkable as Mr. Delany's achievement is from a scientific viewpoint, its real importance lies in the fact that it clears the way for the almost incredible speed of cheap telegraphy. The ability to send telegrams at the rate of one thousand words, a minute means that the Telepost can transmit over one wire as many messages as ordinary telegraph companies transmit over seven wires, and with four wires can do all the business that other companies can do with sixty-eight—which is assuming that the methods at present in use permit the sending of sixty words a minute on an average. But as the managing and general manager of the principal telegraph says the aver-









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*(Factual and regular employees are shown in black. Tardy and complaint in red. Overtime in separate column.)*

WEEK ENDING *Jan 19 17*

No. *275*

NAME *Wm. H. Hall*

DAY	MORNING		AFTERNOON		OVERTIME		TOTAL
	IN	OUT	IN	OUT	IN	OUT	
MON	8:00	5:15	1:00	4:15			9.5
TUE	7:45	5:00	1:00	4:00			9.5
WED	8:00	5:15	1:00	4:15	7:00	10:00	10.5
THU	8:00	5:15	1:00	4:15			10.0
FRI	8:00	5:15	1:00	4:15			9.5
SAT	8:00	5:15	1:00	4:15			9.5
SUN							
TOTAL TIME							57.0
DAILY							9.5
TOTAL HOURS FOR WEEK							57.0

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